

Class PN6291

Book .P3

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J. WATKINS DEL.

Mottoes for Monuments

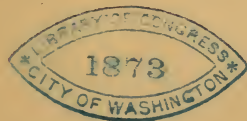
OR

EPITAPHS

SELECTED FOR STUDY OR APPLICATION

By F. & M. A. PALLISER

ILLUSTRATED WITH DESIGNS BY FLAXMAN AND OTHERS

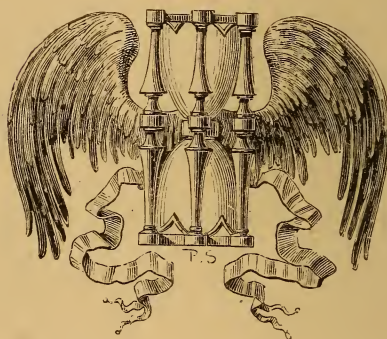


LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET

1872

PN6291
P3



Printed by R. & R. CLARK, Edinburgh.





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DIRECTIONS FOR PLACING THE PLATES.



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ERRATA.

Page 45, last line, *for* "G. Canning," *read* "Right Hon. John Wilson Croker."

Page 57, *for* "Sczhein," *read* "Schein."

Page 115, line 5, *for* "Submission," *read* "Submissive."



THIS selection of Epitaphs has been made for practical application, and attention has consequently been paid rather to the Scriptural truths they inculcate than to the style in which they are expressed. The homely compositions of the village muse will therefore be found side by side with the elegant aspirations of a Keble or a Longfellow.

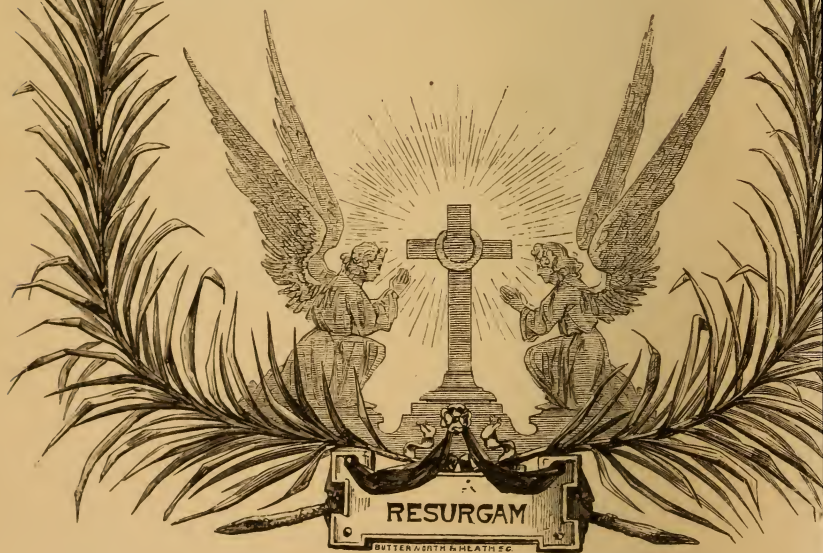
A collection of appropriate texts from Scripture is also given, and the Illustrations consist of a few of the exquisite but little known designs of Flaxman, and of funereal emblems gathered from various sources.

When the name of the author is known, it has not been thought necessary to mention the churchyard where it is to be found.

It is hoped this collection may prove generally interesting and useful to the Clergy, and to others on whom devolves the task of selecting fitting Epitaphs as Memorials of the Dead.



*And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.—GRAY.*





DEATH OF BELIEVER.

It matters little at what hour o' the day
The righteous falls asleep ; death cannot come
To him untimely who is fit to die ;
The less of this cold world, the more of heaven ;
The briefer life, the earlier immortality.

H. H. Milman.

Thus saints, that seem to die in earth's rude strife,
Only win double life :
They have but left our weary ways
To live in memory here, in Heaven by love and praise.

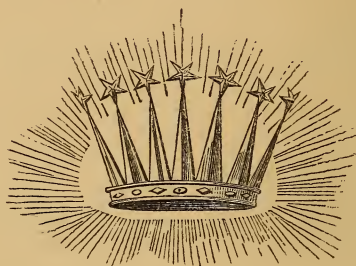
Dr. J. Keble.

O may thy Soul, now loos'd from mortal clay,
Wing its swift flight to realms of endless day ;
There all its glories, all its joys improve,
In scenes of perfect purity and love.

*Part of Dr. Isaac Watts' Epitaph,
Bunhill Fields Burial-Ground.*

DEATH OF BELIEVER.

The sweet remembrance of the Just
 Shall flourish while they sleep in dust.
 In this same grave my body lies at rest,
 Till Christ, my king, shall raise it to the blest.
Finchley Churchyard.



Be faithful unto death, nor fear
 A few short years of strife ;
 Behold ! the prize you soon shall wear,
 A crown of endless life !
John Newton, Olney Hymns.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
 Fair spirit ! rest thee now !
 E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
 His seal was on thy brow.
 Dust to the narrow home beneath !
 Soul to its place on high !
 They that have seen thy look in death
 No more may fear to die.

*Mrs. Hemans, on her Tomb,
 St. Ann's Church, Dublin.*

For ever with the Lord !
Amen, so let it be ;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

James Montgomery.

His heart was thine alone,
From selfish longings free ;
Thy throne the cross, a cross his throne,
His life was hid in Thee.
Hymns Ancient and Modern.

Jesus ! O make our souls thy care !
O take us all to Thee !
Where'er thou art,—we ask not where,—
But there 'tis heaven to be. *Anon.*

At length released from many woes,
How sweetly dost thou sleep ;
How calm and peaceful thy repose,
While Christ thy soul doth keep.
In earth's wide field thy body now
We saw, which lifeless lies,
In sure and certain hope that thou
More glorious shalt arise.
Then rest thee in thy lowly bed,
Nor shall our hearts repine ;
Thy toils and wars are finishèd,
A happy lot is thine.

DEATH OF BELIEVER.

Soon hath closed thine earthly mission,
Soon have passed thy pilgrim days,
Hope hath changed to glad fruition,
Death to Light, and Prayer to Praise.
Castleton Churchyard, Derbyshire.

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life,
Such a way as gives us breath,
Such a Truth as ends all strife,
Such a Life as killeth death.
George Herbert.

Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where on the bosom of their God
They rest in perfect love.
Hymns Ancient and Modern.

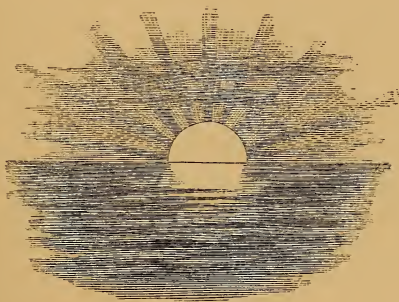
Earth's fleeting joys he counted nought,
For higher truer joys he sought ;
And now, with angels round Thy throne,
Unfading treasures are his own.

I have found the joys of Heaven,
I am one of the angel-band ;
To my head a crown of gold is given,
And a harp is in my hand! *Anon.*

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,

Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb ;
The Saviour has passed through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom !

Bishop Heber.



Life's duty done, as sinks the day,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
" How bless'd the righteous when he dies !"
Castleton Churchyard, Derbyshire.

Each duty done, they rest in peace.
All Saints' Church, Derby.

A soul prepared needs no delays,
The Saviour calls, the saint obeys.

Swift was his flight and short his road,
He closed his eyes, and saw his God.
The flesh rests here till Jesus come
To claim his treasure from the tomb.

*Sir William Dunbar,
Stoke-upon-Trent Churchyard, Staffordshire.*

Then let us leave him to his rest,
And homeward turn, for he is blest ;
And we must well our souls prepare,
When death shall come, to meet him there.

Michael Weiss.

Did we but know how great thy joy
Thanksgiving would our lives employ.
Although thy loss we deeply mourn,
'Tis sin to wish thee to return.

Ashbourne Churchyard, Derbyshire.

Happy soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below.
Go, by guardian angels tended,
To thy Saviour's bosom go.

Stoke-upon-Trent Churchyard.

Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strains which angels pour ;
O why should we in anguish weep ?
They are not lost, but gone before.

Anon.

Thou art gone home ! O early crowned and blest !
Where could the love of that deep heart find rest
With aught below ?
By the bright waters now thy lot is cast,
Joy for thee, happy friend ! thy barque hath passed
The rough sea's foam.
Now the long yearnings of thy soul are stilled—
Home ! home ! thy peace is won, thy heart is filled !
Thou art gone home !

From the Quiver.

She is gone, and the grave has received her,
'Twas Jesus who called her away ;
She is gone, to the Lord who redeemed her,
From night to the splendour of day.
Alton Churchyard, Staffordshire.

I am rising, and not setting ;
This is not night but day ;
Not in darkness, but in sunshine,
Like a star, I fade away.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear o'er her must fall !
He giveth his beloved sleep."

A. A. Proctor.

No sin, no grief, no pain—
Safe in my happy home !
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,
My hour of triumph come !

Anon.

She was so like an angel in pure guise,
That thou shouldst take her ere her time, O death,
To join her sisterhood in Paradise.

We sought to stay
An angel on the earth, a spirit ripe
For heaven ; and Mercy, in her love, refused,
Most merciful, as oft, when seeming least !

Pollock.

"Spirit, leave this house of clay,
Lingering dust, resign thy breath ;
Spirit, cast thy chains away.
Dust, be thou dissolved in death."

Thus the almighty Saviour speaks,
 While the faithful Christian dies,
 Then the bonds of life he breaks,
 And the ransomed captive flies.
Chelmerton Churchyard, Derbyshire.

Asleep in Jesus! Oh, for me
 May such a blissful refuge be;
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 Waiting the summons from on high!
Mrs. Margaret Mackay.

Heaven was his hope
 And Providence his guide.
Alton Churchyard, Staffordshire.

When earth shall pass away,
 Jesus is mine.
 In the great judgment day,
 Jesus is mine.
 Oh! what a glorious thing,
 Then to behold my King—
 On tuneful harp to sing,
 Jesus is mine. *Henry Hope.*

DEATH OF BELIEVER.

On Thee alone my hope relies ;
Beneath Thy cross I fall ;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour and my All.

Anne Steele.

Faith uplifts her radiant fingers,
Pointing to the eternal home,
Within whose portal still she lingers,
Looking back for us to come.
Staplegrove Churchyard, Somerset.

Farewell ! we did not know thy worth ;
But thou art gone, and now 'tis prized :
Thus angels walked unknown on earth,
But when they flew, were recognised.
T. Hood.

No tears for thee, though our lone spirit mourn
That thou, with spring's sweet flowers, wilt ne'er return ;
No tears for thee, though hearth and home be blighted,
Though sadness clouds the scene thy love hath lighted ;
No tears—for while with us, thy soul oppressed
Oft longed for refuge in the Saviour's breast ;
No tears—for thou hast found thy home above ;
No tears—thou'rt sheltered in the arms of love.

Life of Mrs. Fletcher.

So live, that when thy friends shall kneel
Upon thy lowly sod,
They may with Faith and Hope return,
And leave thee with thy God.

Christmas Eve.



If from guilt and sin set free,
By the knowledge of Thy grace,
Welcome, then, the call will be
To depart and see Thy face ;
To Thy saints while here below,
With new years new mercies come ;
But the happiest year they know
Is the last, which leads them home.
J. Newton, Olney Hymns.

DEATH OF BELIEVER.

Do you ask how he lived ?
He set heaven before him ;
Do you ask how he died ?
In the faith of the blessed.

King Sterndale, Derbyshire.

Fearless we lay us in the tomb,
And sleep the night away,
If Thou art there to break the gloom,
And call us back to day.

Death hurts us not, his power is gone,
And pointless all his darts,
Now hath God's favour on us shone,
And joy fills all our hearts.

Benjamin Schmolck.

As the hunted hart hath panted
For the river fresh and clear,
So their hearts with longing fainted
For the Living Fountain here.
Now their thirst is quenched, they dwell
With the Lord they loved so well.

Schenck.

Here we lay our burden down,
Change the Cross into the Crown.

She died in faith, what more can words express
To soothe the mind and make our sorrows less?
Removed from us, she treads a brighter sphere,
And shares the glory she most wished for here.

Wokingham Churchyard, Berks.

They who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

John Mason Neale.

They are not tasting death, but taking rest
On the same holy couch where Jesus lay ;
Soon to awake, all glorified and blest,
When day has broke and shadows fled away.

Dr. Horatius Bonar.

Alone and safe in the holy keeping
Of Him who holdeth the grave's cold key,
They have laid thee down for the blessed sleeping,
The quiet rest which His dear ones see :
And why o'er thee should we weep the weeping,
For who would not rest by the side of thee ?

H. Bonar.

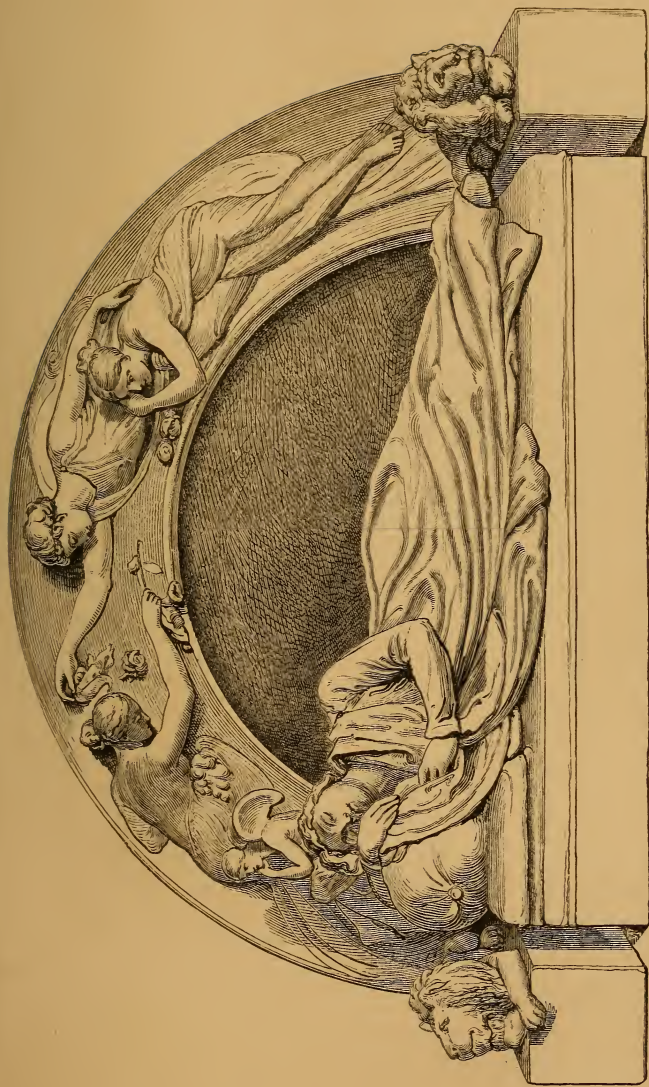
DEATH OF BELIEVER.

Farewell mortality,
Welcome eternity,
 Jesus is mine !
Welcome, ye scenes of rest,
Welcome, ye mansions blest,
Welcome, a Saviour's breast,
 Jesus is mine ! *Henry Hope.*

Grave of the righteous ! surely there
 The sweetest bloom of beauty is ;
O may I sleep in couch as fair,
 And with a hope as bright as his !
 James Edmeston.

Onward to the glory,
 Upward to the prize,
Homeward to the mansion
 Far beyond the skies.







DEATH OF CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate ;
There, till Mercy speaks within,
Knock and weep, and watch and wait.
Knock !—He knows the sinner's cry,
Weep !—He loves the mourner's tears,
Watch !—for saving grace is nigh,
Wait !—till heavenly light appears.
Geo. Crabbe.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given ;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.
Robert Seagrave.

Here, with weary footsteps,
In a desert waste,
Strangers, in a strange land,
We pass through in haste.
There our rest awaits us,
Our hearts are gone before ;
In that land of brightness
Rest for evermore.

A pilgrim panting for the rest to come,
An exile anxious for his native home.



DEATH OF SOLDIER OF CHRIST.

Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
Quit the sword, and take the crown ;
Triumph ! all thy foes are banished,
Death is slain, and earth has vanished.

Charlotte Elizabeth.

OF AN AGED MINISTER.

The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease,
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ ! well done ;
Praise be thy new employ ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

J. Montgomery.

ON A MINISTER.

Blameless in life, e'en from his earliest youth,
Unknown to wander from the paths of truth,
He lived ; but did not live on bread alone,
The word of Life his comfort, heaven his home.
His constant aim the soul of Christ to win,
A friend to sinners, yet abhorred by sin.

Greyfriars Churchyard, Edinburgh.

DEATH OF INFANTS.

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care ;
The opening bud to Heaven convey'd,
And bade it blossom there.

S. T. Coleridge.

This lovely bud so young and fair,
Call'd hence by early doom,
Just came to show how sweet a flower
In Paradise would bloom.

Legh Richmond.

The mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

Longfellow.

Ere pain and grief had sown decay,
My babe is cradled in the tomb,
Like some fair blossom torn away,
In all its purest bloom.

Brompton Cemetery.

Nipped in the bud to bloom for ever.
Stoke-upon-Trent Churchyard.

Not in anger, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day ;
An Angel visited the earth,
And took our flower away.

Longfellow.

Newhaven Churchyard, Sussex.

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves,
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.
“My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,”
The reaper said, and smiled ;
“Dear tokens of the earth are they
Where he was once a child.”

Longfellow.



The Great Jehovah, full of love,
An angel bright did send,
To fetch our little harmless dove
To joys that never end.

Tideswell Churchyard, Derbyshire.

DEATH OF INFANTS.

My lovely little lily,
Thou art gather'd very soon,
In the fresh and dewy morning,
Not in the glare of noon.
The Saviour sent his angels,
To bear from hence my own,
And to plant thee in the garden
Where decay is never known.

Brompton Cemetery.

See from the earth the fading lily rise,
It springs, it grows, it flourishes, and dies ;
So this fair flow'r scarce blossom'd for a day,
Short was the bloom and early the decay.

Blandford, Dorset.

Here lies a rosebud yet unfolded,
Spotlessly white its tender soul ;
No more in mother's arms enfolded,
Her sweet babe dear, and beautiful.
The cross of Christ on his pale brow,
Beneath this cross he slumbers now.
In love, one eve the Saviour taking
His spirit, bade it haste away,
From earthly pain to joy awaking,
In brightness of celestial day.
The casket left, He took the gem
To glitter in His diadem. *F. E. Johnston.*

(^{She} She died—yet is not dead ! ^{They are})
 Ye saw a daisy on her tomb,
 It bloomed to die—she died to bloom ;
 Her summer hath not sped.

Aston Churchyard, Birmingham.



They bore the babe to his long rest,
 Ere birds began to sing ;
 They scattered snowdrops on his breast,
 Himself a flower of Spring.

! Dorothy King (1630), "lent to her parents, but speedily required again," &

William King (1633), "being soon wearie of his abode on earth, left his parents, to preserve a memorial of him, after 10 weeks' pilgrimage."

St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle.

On two children of Oliver King, Bishop of Bath and Wells.

This little flower was early cropt,
But cropt by hand divine.

Necropolis, Glasgow.

“Who plucked my choicest flowers?” the gardener cried ;
“The Master did,” a well-known voice replied ;
“’Tis well ! they all are His,” the gardener said,
And meekly bowed his reverential head.

Faversham Churchyard, Kent.

“Who plucked this flower?” said the Gardener, as
he walked round his garden : one of his fellow-labourers
said, “It is the Master.”

The gardener held his peace.

Highgate Cemetery.

The loveliest flower in nature’s garden placed
Permitted just to bloom, and plucked in haste.
Angels beheld her ripe for joys to come,
And call’d, by God’s command, their sister home.

St. Pancras, London.

Mourn not o’er early graves—for those
Removed whilst only buds are shown,
For God, who sowed and watered, knows
The time to gather in His own.

This blossom knew no winter's breath,
Sheltered beneath the Almighty wing ;
And though it felt the stroke of death,
Blest babe ! it never knew its sting.

Joseph Snow, "Churchyard Thoughts."

The flower in Heaven shall bloom.

Bishop Heber.

Holding our little lamb asleep,
While, like the murmur of the sea,
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise, and follow me."

Maria W. Lowell.

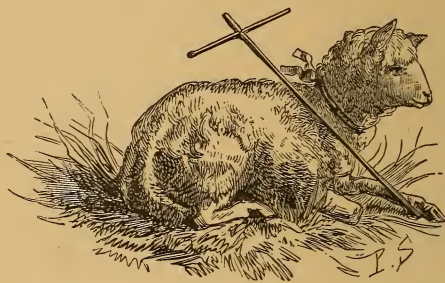
Sleep, little baby, sleep,
Not in thy cradle bed,
Not on thy mother's breast,
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
But with the quiet dead.

Mount up, immortal essence ;
Young spirit, hence depart.
And is this death ? dread thing,
If such thy visiting
How beautiful thou art !

DEATH OF INFANTS.

God took thee in His mercy
A Lamb untasked, untried.
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified.

Woking Cemetery.



Come, come to Jesus !
He waits to carry thee,
O lamb ! so lovingly ;
Come, come to Jesus !

American Songster.

There, in the Shepherd's bosom,
White as the drifted snow,
Is the little lamb that we missed one morn
From the household flock below.

Gather thy lambs within Thine arm,
And gently in Thy bosom bear,
Keep them, O Lord, from hurt and harm,
And bid them rest for ever there.

William Walsham How.

Loving Shepherd of the sheep,
Thou hast called Thy lamb away,
Safely in Thy Fold to keep,
Never more from Thee to stray.

J. B. W.

Happy the babe, who, privileged by fate
To shorter labour and a lighter weight,
Received but yesterday the gift of breath,
Ordered to-morrow to return to death.

Prior.

Happy voyager! no sooner launched than arrived
at the haven.

They smiled in death tho' early snatched from hence.
Death has no sting in so much innocence.

Lambeth Church.

Tho' lost, they're lost to earth alone ;
Above they will be found,
Amidst the stars, and near the throne,
Which babes, like these, surround.

Islington Churchyard.

Beneath, a sleeping infant lies,
 To earth whose body lent,
 More glorious shall hereafter rise,
 But not more innocent.
 When the archangel's trump shall blow,
 And souls to bodies join,
 Millions shall wish their lives below
 Had been as short as thine.

Bakewell Churchyard, Derbyshire.

Ascribed to Charles Wesley.

He woke, and took life's cup to sip,
 Too bitter 'twas to drain ;
 He meekly put it from his lip,
 And went to sleep again.

Chichester Cathedral Yard.

Sweet babe ! she tasted of life's bitter cup,
 Refused to drink the potion up ;
 But turned her little head aside,
 Disgusted with the taste, and died.

Cunningham.

The cup of life just with her lips she prest,
 Found the taste bitter, and declined the rest :
 Averse, then turning from the face of day,
 She softly sigh'd her little soul away:

F. Soame.

Thy dewy tears were quickly dried,
Thy pains are o'er.
Thou art gone, dear babe, where they abide
Who weep no more.
To thee this world of woe to tread
It was not given.
Thou art above with Him who said,
"Of such is heaven."

The Mother's Lament.

Pure as when
It wing'd from heaven, his spirit hath return'd
To lisp its hallelujahs with the choirs
Of sinless babes, imparadis'd above.

Robert Montgomery.

Sweet babe, how short thy stay,
How soon thy journey's o'er ;
Thy spirit's fled away,
To visit earth no more.
Thy spirit found a nearer road
Than thousands to their blessed abode.
Hope Churchyard, Derbyshire.

God hath ta'en it from its mother's arms,
From present pain, and future unknown harms,
And baby sleeps. *Hinds.*

Happy infant ! early blest !
Rest in peaceful slumber, rest ;
Early rescu'd from the cares
Which increase with growing years.
Toldervy's Collection.

Weep not for me, my parents dear ;
I am not dead, but sleeping here.
Brompton Cemetery.

In this world of care and pain.
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it ;
To the sunny, heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it ;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.
Hymns Ancient and Modern.

For thee, sweet babe, shall tears of sorrow flow ?
Shall we lament thy earthly flight from woe ?
Shall we on life's tempestuous sea deplore
That thou so soon hast gain'd a peaceful shore ?
Oh ! did we think what numerous ills are here,
Or could we see thee in thy glorious sphere,
Then should we calmly bow to God's decree,
And only strive, through Christ, to dwell with thee.

Thou wert so like a form of light,
That Heaven benignly called thee hence,
Ere yet the world could breathe one blight
Oe'r thy sweet innocence.

Père la Chaise Cemetery.

In the kingdom of Thy grace
Grant a little child a place.

Dr. Watts.

Soon was I snatched away
From earth and all its toys ;
Soon closed my life's short day,—
Begun my endless joys.
Then weep not tho' the rose's bloom
Lies faded in an early tomb.

Whitby Cemetery.

On life's wild ocean, tempest tossed and pained,
How many voyagers their course perform !
This little bark a kinder fate obtained,
It reached the haven ere it met the storm.

Alverstoke Cemetery, Hants.

DEATH OF CHILDREN.

He scarcely suffer'd, then was crown'd,
Was scarcely lost till he was found,
He scarcely heaved one fearful sigh,
Then entered immortality.
A child of thine, a child of bliss ;
Why, therefore, weep for joy like this ?

J. S. B. Monsell.

Since 'tis thy will that we should part,
With the sweet treasure of our heart,
We humbly do this child resign,
To be, O Lord, for ever thine.

Abbey Church, Bath.

Weep not for me, my parents dear,
For weeping is in vain,
For I have gone to Christ above,
And can't return again.
I hear a voice you cannot hear,
That says I must not stay ;
I see a hand you cannot see
That beckons me away.

Tickell.

I go to a land beyond the earth,
To mingle with spirits of angel birth.
Weep not, sweet Mother, weep not for me,
For in that bright land I shall wait for thee.
Kensal Green Cemetery.

When the first wild throb is past
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to Heaven,
And think—my child is there :
This best can dry the gushing tear,
This yield the heart relief,
Until the Christian's pious hope
O'ercomes a mother's grief. *Dale.*

Ye who mourn, can ye not trust
Your treasure to His arms, whose changeless care
Passeth a mother's love? Can ye not hope,
When a few hasting years their course have run,
To go to him, though he no more on earth
Returns to you? *Mrs. Sigourney.*

Lord, take Thy way with me, Thy way not mine !
My child ! all things are Thine.
All in the end, though grievous, shall prove best,
And then—eternal rest. *Newman Hall.*

My rose was cropped just in its bloom,
My rising sun went down at noon,
In youth and strength put not thy trust,
The strength of mortals is but dust.

Chelmerton Churchyard, Derbyshire.

This flower that drooped on our cold clime
Transplanted from the soil of time
To immortality ;
In full perfection there shall bloom,
And those who now lament his doom
Must bow to God's decree.

Henry Kirke White.

Sweet innocence's form lies here,
Lamented by his parents dear,
Who hope, through Christ's redeeming love,
To meet their child in Heaven above.
Rowsley Churchyard, Derbyshire.

To him in sunshine, not in storm,
Death came of all its terrors riv'n,
Taking a kindred seraph's form,
To bear a brother back to Heav'n.
St. Pancras, London.

Reader ! beneath this marble lies
The sacred dust of innocence ;
Two years he blest his parents' eyes,
The third an angel took him hence :
The sparkling eyes, the lisping tongue,
Complaisance sweet, and manners mild,
And all that pleases in the young,
Were all united in this child.
Would'st thou his happier state explore ?
To thee this bliss is freely given ;
Go, gentle reader, sin no more,
And thou shalt see this flower in Heaven.
Bakewell Churchyard, Derbyshire.

Farewell, my child ! but not farewell
For ever ! We shall meet
When sounds creation's dooming knell,
Before the judgment-seat ;
And I shall know thy little face
Amid the world's assembled race.
Robert Montgomery.

He who took
Your treasure to His keeping—He hath power
To bear you onward to that better land,
Where none are written childless, and torn hearts
Blend in a full eternity of bliss.

Mrs. Sigourney.

Whether our dear ones gather at our side,
 To float with us upon Life's glorious tide,
 Or that same tide hath borne them on forgiven,
 Safe anchorage within the port of Heaven,
 Still—Life most strong through Death—thy priceless
 dower

Endues our spirits with a mighty power
 To span Death's awful gulf from shore to shore,
 To link Earth's *Now* and Heaven's *Evermore*.

F. A. G.

God in his wisdom has recalled
 The precious boon his love had given,
 And though the casket moulders here,
 The gem is sparkling now in Heaven.
Kensal Green Cemetery.

When my sweet little child lay dead, one happy
 thought arose,
 A solace and a comfort 'twas to all my earthly woes ;
 I thought that I would try to lead a pure and godly life,
 And try to wean myself from all world-vanity and strife.
 I thought if thus I liv'd on earth, to me it would be
 given
 To meet that angel cherub in its glorious place in Heaven,
 To hear it call me, mother, once, oh ! 'twould indeed be
 bliss,
 And now I live for other worlds, with comfort left in
 this.

J. H. Jewell.

This star of comfort, for a moment given,
Just rose on earth, then set to rise in heaven.

James Edmeston.

A child reposes underneath this sod,
A child to memory dear, and dear to God.
Come, holy Faith ! to dry our streaming tears ;
Come, cheering hope ! to light our darkened years ;
Teach us, resigned, to kiss the chastening rod
That made our mortal child a child of God.

Rev. Luke Booker.

She was in form and intellect most exquisite.
The unfortunate parents ventured their all on
This frail bark, and the wreck was total.

*On Penelope Boothby,
Ashbourne Church, Derbyshire.*

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb
In life's early morning hath hid from our eyes.

T. Moore.

There is a fair, frail thing of earth,
A flower of radiant bloom ;
Yet morning sunbeam sees its birth,
The evening star its tomb.

Farewell, sweet boy ! and farewell all in thee
Blest parents can in the best children see ;
Thy life to woo us unto Heaven was lent us,
Thy death to wean us from the world was sent us.

Warrior's Chapel, Canterbury Cathedral.

O Blessed Lord ! whose mercy hath removed
A child whom every one that looked on loved ;
Support us, teach us calmly to resign
What we possessed and now is wholly Thine.

Wordsworth.

My pretty child, I weep to leave thee here,
But Heaven is just—
And perhaps thou wert too dear.

Chelmerton Churchyard, Derbyshire.

This dear child to us was only lent ;
We thought her surely given,
But Jesus called, and then she went
To live with him in Heaven.

Middleton Churchyard, Derbyshire.

Remember, death may find you
While you're young ;
For friends are often weeping,
And the stars their watch are keeping,
O'er the grassy graves, where sleeping
Lie the young.
Oh ! walk the path of glory,
While you're young ;
And Jesus will befriend you,
And from danger will defend you,
And a peace divine will send you
While you're young.

American Sacred Songster.

Around the throne of God in heav'n
Thousands of children stand ;
Children whose sins are all forgiv'n,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.
On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name ;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

American Sacred Songster.

DEATH OF THE YOUNG.

O hast thou whispered in thine heart
I am too young to die ?
When thousands younger than thou art
In death and darkness lie.
To summon thee unto thy doom
How quick may be the call !
E'en whilst thou standest by this tomb
The dart of death may fall.

Easthampstead Churchyard, Berks.

How eloquent the monumental stone,
Where blooming modest virtues prostrate lie,
Where pure religion from her hallow'd throne
Tells man—it is an awful thing to die.
Is happiness thy aim ? or death thy fear ?
Learn how their path with glory may be trod,
From the lamented youth who slumbers here,
Who gave the glory of his youth to God.

Eyam Churchyard, Derbyshire.

Approv'd by all, and lov'd so well,
Tho' young, like fruit that's ripe, he fell.

R. Waller.



The corn reaped while it was green ;
The sun gone down while it was day.

In blooming youth put not your trust,
The finest flowers are but dust.

Bamford Churchyard, Derbyshire.

Choose, O youth, the narrow way,
Flee at once from sin and sorrow,
Say not, 'Tis too soon to-day,
Lest it be too late to-morrow.

New Cemetery, Derby.

An angel thou of innocence and truth,
Angels did bear thee to thy God above,
Who called thee in thy blooming youth,
From earthly suffering to His heavenly love.
Sleep softly then, so free wert thou from guile,
Thou wert not fitted for a world like this ;
Child of my heart, we're parted for awhile,
Pray we may meet thee in eternal bliss.

Easthampstead Churchyard, Berks.

From thy quick death conclude we must
The fairest flowers are gathered first.

Hathersage Churchyard, Derbyshire.

Hope perished, that had hung like wreaths
Around youth's buoyant brow ;
And joys, like withered autumn leaves,
Dropped from the shaken bough.
Yet from these clouds comes forth the light,
Light beaming from on high ;
And from these faded flowers spring
The flowers that never die.

H. Bonar.

My fleeting time did quickly pass,
My glass was quickly run,
My life decayed like tender grass
Cut down before the sun.
'Twas God's decree, it so should be ;
Thy will, O Lord, be done.

Alton Churchyard, Staffordshire.

Ye, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
See me, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.
Guildford Cemetery.



Oh ! see how soon the flowers of life decay,
How soon terrestrial pleasures fade away.
This star of comfort for a moment given,
First came to rise on earth then set in Heaven.

Bispham Churchyard, Lancashire.



DEATH OF YOUNG GIRL.

While yet of tender years and weak
Affliction bade her frame decline,
And legibly upon her cheek
Consumption mark'd, "The maid is mine."
But as she dropp'd into the grave,
Mercy her cordial draught had given,
And faith and hope their record gave,
And said, "The maid is mark'd for Heaven."
Alton Churchyard, Staffordshire.

To serve her Saviour was her only care,
And for His home her young heart to prepare ;
And now that Saviour in a voice of love,
Hath called her spirit to that home above.

Minnigaff Church, Kirkcudbright.

This sacred spot, bedewed by many a tear,
Tells of the loss of one to memory dear,
Who, while alive, a parent's love did share,
And, dying, felt a parent's tenderest care.
A parent's care, alas ! that could not save
The drooping victim of an early grave,
Worn by disease, which human aid defied,
She sought a refuge in her God, and died.

Chelmerton Churchyard, Derbyshire.

Doomed to long-suffering from your earliest years,
Amidst your parents' grief and pain, alone
Cheerful and gay, you smiled to soothe their tears,
And, in their agonies, forgot your own.
Go, gentle spirit, and among the blest,
From grief and pain, eternal be thy rest.

Marquis of Wellesley.

*Translation by himself of his Latin epitaph on
Lord Brougham's daughter, who died at
Cannes, 1839.*

She was not born to feel the withering touch
Of ruthless Time ; and cankering care forebore
To write one line which told of slow decay.
The seeds of death are sown as birth confers
The breath of life ; and Death, unseen, stood by,
Watching the floweret in its opening bud ;
For ever watching, till perfection came,
Then gently tore it from its parent stem,
To bid it blossom in Eternity.

William de Merle.

Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to Heaven.

Young.

But hushed be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things ;

Her quiet is secure.

No thorns can pierce her tender feet,

Whose life was like the violet sweet,

As climbing jasmine pure.

Wordsworth.

Give thanks

That she is safe with Him who hath the power

O'er pain, and sin, and death. Mourner, give thanks.

Mrs. Sigourney.

DEATH OF YOUNG GIRL.

O ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those ye love ;
Pain and death, and night and anguish,
Enter not the world above.
While in darkness ye are straying,
Lonely in the deep'ning shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the immortal spirit's head.

Easthampstead Churchyard, Berks.



Here, here she lies, a budding rose,
Blasted before its bloom,
Whose innocence did sweets disclose,
Beyond that flower's perfume.
To those who for her death are grieved
This consolation's given,
She's from the storms of life relieved,
To shine more bright in heaven.

Shenstone, in Hales-Owen Churchyard.

Her form, so fair and transient to our sight,
Seemed a sweet vision from the realms of light ;
Yet, the consoling hope to faith is given,
To find the vision realised in Heaven.

DEATH OF TWO SISTERS.

Like two young olives in some silvan scene,
Clad in the loveliest garb of summer green,
Were these two sisters, whose endearing love
Hath consummation gained in realms above.
Death's whirlwind came and swept the first away ;
Drooping alone the other could not stay.

Eyam Churchyard, Derbyshire.

DEATH OF A SON.

Oh ! mark'd from birth, and nurtur'd for the skies !
In youth with more than learning's wisdom wise,
As sainted martyrs, patient to endure !
Simple as unwean'd infancy, and pure !
Pure from all stain (save that of human clay,
Which Christ's atoning blood hath wash'd away !)
By mortal suff'rings now no more oppress'd,
Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destined rest !
While I—reversed our nature's kindlier doom—
Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb.

G. Canning, Wimbledon Churchyard, Surrey.

Forgive, O Lord ! the parents' wish,
That death had spared their son,
And help them from their hearts to say,
Thy will, O Lord, be done.

Reading Cemetery.

Alas ! while health and hope were high,
And youth shone sparkling in his eye,
And scarce was manhood's spring begun—
Pass'd the destroying angel by,
And smote the widow's son.

Dale.

A duteous son lies buried here ;
Who, from a widowed mother's eye,
Ne'er caused to flow one sorrowing tear,
Till she beheld him droop and die.

Rev. Luke Booker.

DEATH OF A MOTHER.

This to a mother's sacred memory
Her son hath hallowed. What a world were this,
How unendurable its weight, if they
Whom Death hath sundered did not meet again !

Southey.

Could we forget a mother's tender tears,
Thy ceaseless watchings o'er our early years,
One thought would bind us to thy honoured sod,
Thou, dearest Mother, gav'st our souls to God.
If e'er aright we wish, act, hope, or fear,
Press'd to thy breast we learnt the lesson there.
If e'er th' all-righteous Judge thy children own,
A mother's prayers have called the blessing down.
Oh, speed the time when, life's short wandering o'er,
Clasped in thy sainted arms, we part no more.

Pakefield Church, Lowestoft, Suffolk.

DEATH OF A FATHER.

Oh thou, beloved beyond what words can tell,
Our Father, Guide, Instructor, Friend, farewell ;
Oh still, as erst, from those blest realms above,
Smile on the object of thy earthly love.

Montmartre Cemetery, Paris.

DEATH OF A WIFE.

Take, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear ;
Take that best gift, which Heaven so lately gave :
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care,
Her faded form—she bow'd to taste the wave,
And died ! Does youth, does beauty read the line ?

Does sympathetic fear their breast alarm ?
Speak, dead Maria ; breathe a strain divine—
E'en from the grave thou shalt have power to charm !
Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee ;
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move,
And if so fair, from vanity as free,
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love ;
Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die
('Twas e'en to thee), yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

Bristol. Rev. W. Mason on his wife.



Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear,
That mourns thy exit from a world like this ;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
And stay'd thy progress to the realms of bliss.

No more confined to grovelling scenes of night,
 No more a tenant pent in mortal clay ;
 Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight,
 And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

On Mrs. Anne Bury.

Brading Churchyard, Isle of Wight.

Whoe'er, like me, with trembling anguish brings
 His dearest earthly treasure to these springs ;
 Whoe'er, like me, to soothe distress and pain,
 Shall court these salutary springs in vain ;
 Condemn'd, like me, to hear the faint reply,
 To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye,
 From the chill brow to wipe the damp of death,
 And watch, in dumb despair, the shortening breath—
 If chance should bring him to this humble line,
 Let the sad mourner know his pangs were mine.
 Ordain'd to lose the partner of my breast,
 Whose virtue warm'd me, and whose beauty bless'd,
 Fram'd every tie that binds the heart to prove
 Her duty friendship, and her friendship love.
 And yet, remembering that the parting sigh
 Appoints the just to slumber, not to die,
 The starting tear I check'd,—I kiss'd the rod,—
 And not to earth resign'd her, but to God !

Lord Palmerston.

She was !

But words are wanting to say what.
 Think what a wife should be,
 And she was that.

Greyfriars Churchyard, Edinburgh.

She lived like those the sacred book record,
 Like Sarah, still obedient to her lord,
 Tho' with the world she acted Martha's part,
 She yet, like Mary, gave to God her heart.
Lenham Churchyard, Kent.

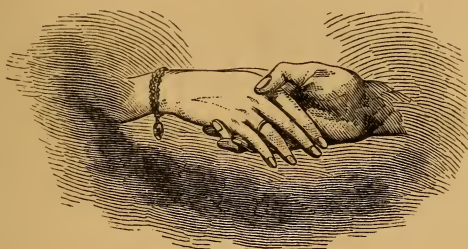
In heart a Lydia, and in tongue a Hannah,
 In zeal a Ruth, in wedlock a Susannah ;
 Prudently simple, providently wary,
 To the world a Martha, and to heaven a Mary.
*Ightham Church, Kent.**

HUSBAND WHO DIED SHORTLY AFTER HIS WIFE.

She first departed ; he for one day tried
 To live without her—liked it not, and died.
Sir H. Wotton.

* The above are taken from Quarles' epitaph on Lady d'Oyley, who he tells us

Was in spirit a Jael,
 Rebecca in grace, in heart an Abigail ;
 In works a Dorcas, to the church a Hannah,
 And to her spouse Susannah.
 Prudently simple, providently wary,
 To the world a Martha, and to heaven a Mary.
Hambledon Church, Berks.



DEATH OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.

One in life and one in death,
One in Jesus whom they love ;
One in joy, in trust, and faith,
One in hope to meet above.

Darley Dale Churchyard, Derbyshire.



DEATH IN A FOREIGN LAND.

He should have died in his own loved land,
With friends and kinsmen near him ;
Not have wither'd thus on a foreign strand,
With no thought save heaven to cheer him.
But what recks it now ? Is his sleep less sound
In the port where the wild winds swept him,
Than if home's green turf his grave had bound,
Or the hearts he loved had wept him ?

A. A. Watts.

DEATH OF POOR.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
 By foreign hands thy distant grave adorn'd,
 By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd.

Pope.

Where is my grave? It matters not where,
 But my home beyond, it is there, it is there;
 Where God wipes tears from every eye,
 And the Lamb is the light of the sunlit sky;
 Where sin and death and sorrow are o'er:
 They who enter in go out no more.

J. S. B. Monsell.

DEATH OF A LABOURER.

He labour'd in the fields his bread to gain;
 He plough'd, he sow'd, he reap'd the yellow grain;
 And now, by death from future service driven,
 Is gone to keep his harvest-home in Heaven.

G. Mogridge.

DEATH OF POOR.

Poor they may live, yet rich they die,
 Whose treasure is laid up on high.

Churchyard Thoughts.

DEATH OF A MARINER.

Rest, Christian mariner, the port is gained,
Passed are all rocks, and weathered are all gales.
Faith was thy compass, Love the helm maintained,
Truth was thy ballast, and Hope filled thy sails,
Thy star the Bible, and God's Church thy chart.
The land is won, where lie thy wealth and heart.
Churchyard Thoughts.

Through life's perplexing seas
His course he steer'd ;
With steady hand
He all those dangers clear'd,
Till anchored here,
Where all the storms are o'er,
Has driven, we hope,
Safe on Emmanuel's shore,
Where dangers cease,
And storms assail no more.
Inveresk Churchyard, Edinburghshire.

Safe home ! safe home in port !
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck.
But oh ! the joy upon the shore,
To tell our voyage perils o'er !
St. Joseph of the Stadium.
Translated by Dr. J. M. Neale.

DEATH OF FRIENDS.

He waits thee in thy Father's house,
Secure from change and pain ;
And shalt thou mourn the fleeting loss
Which made his lasting gain ?

Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

Dr. Watts.

He is not dead but sleepeth.
Soft be thy rest ; no wailing voice shall come
To break the silence of thy peaceful home ;
But hope shall raise to heaven the mourner's eye,
There death is swallowed up in victory.

St. Pancras, London.

Do I forget ? Oh, no !
For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below,
Till they meet and touch again.

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse,
How grows in Paradise our store. *Dr. J. Keble.*

Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain ;
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hand,
To meet one another again !

American Sacred Songster.

Not gone from memory, not gone from love,—
Gone to his Father's house above.

Hathersage Churchyard, Derbyshire.

“ The resurrection and the Life
Am I : believe, and die no more.”
Unchanged that voice—and though not yet
The dead sit up and speak,
Answering its call ; we gladlier rest
Our darlings on earth's quiet breast,
And our hearts feel they must not break.

Dr. J. Keble.

Leave them with Him, who loves us all with tender love
and true ;

Trust them with Him, who did for them what you could
never do.

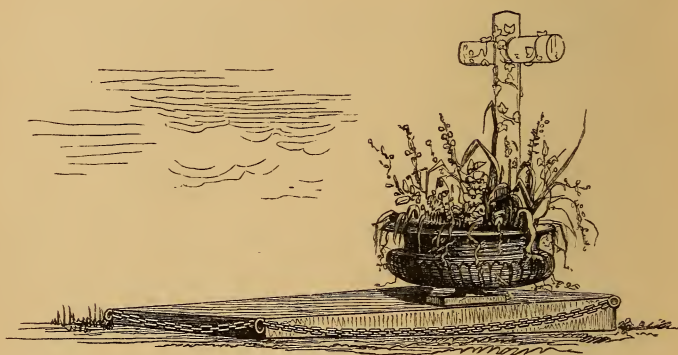
Their death is died, their tears are shed, empty their cup
of pain.

No trouble now can rend their hearts, no sin their gar-
ments stain.

A. W. Thorold.

Farewell, O ye friends I love !
Though a while ye journey grieving,
Comfort cometh from above,
To the hearts in Christ believing.
Weep not o'er a passing show,
To th' eternal world I go.

E. M. Arndt.



Yes ! we part, but not for ever ;
Joyful hopes our bosom swell.
They who love the Saviour, never
Know a long and last farewell.

Chelmerton Churchyard, Derbyshire.

Then pass, ye mourners, cheerly on,
Through prayer unto the tomb,
Still as ye watch life's falling leaf,
Gathering from every loss and grief
Hope of new spring and endless home.

Dr. J. Keble.

Why mourn, then, that I now go hence ?
Surely a blessed lot is mine ;
Clothed in His spotless innocence,
Before Him as a bride I shine.
Farewell, thou evil world, farewell !
With God I rather choose to dwell.

Sczheim, 1628.

Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

O think that all his pains are fled,
His toils and sorrows closed for ever ;
While He, whose blood for man was shed,
Has placed upon His servant's head
A crown that fadeth never.

Dr. Huie.

Since thou couldst no longer stay
To cheer me with thy love,
I hope to meet with thee again
In yon bright world above.
Hope Churchyard, Derbyshire.

The love that seems forsaken,
When friends in death depart,
In Heaven again shall waken,
And repossess the heart.
James Edmeston.

Fixed in their eternal state,
They are gone from all below ;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.
Think rather on his endless peace
Than on your passing woe.

The Afterglow.

Then weep no more for him who's gone
Where sin and suffering ne'er shall enter ;
But on that great High Priest alone,
Who can for guilt like ours atone,
Your own affection centre.

Dr. Huic.

He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee.

Highgate Cemetery.

Oh ! if no other boon were given,
To keep our hearts from wrong and stain,
Who would not try to win a heaven,
Where all we love shall live again ?

Not lost, but gone before.

Farewell—but not for ever, farewell !
There's a golden world where the pure shall dwell.
All tears shall be wiped on that radiant shore,
And the mourned and mourner part no more.

Johnes.

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life and friends away ;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

Dissenters' Chapel, Wokingham, Berks.

He takes but what he gave.

Meet again ! yes, we shall meet again,
Though now we part in pain !
His people all,
Together Christ shall call.

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord.

American Sacred Songster.

Why should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe,
For an immortal crown ?

Middleton Churchyard, Derbyshire.

Death may the bands of life unloose,
But not dissolve my love.

Easthampstead Churchyard, Berks.

There is a world above
Where parting is unknown ;
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone :
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

J. Montgomery.

When God ordains the fatal blow,
The heart may wish, the tear may flow,
But can't the dead restore.
Yet comfort dawns from realms divine,
There souls their kindred souls shall join,
And meet to part no more.

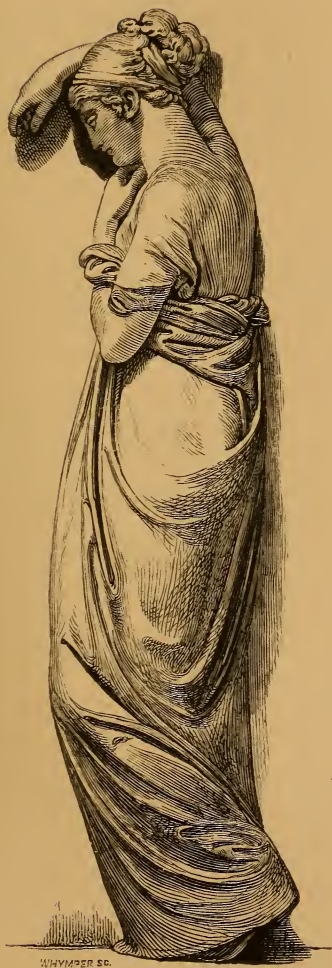
Islington Churchyard.

Look up to realms of light and song,
Where no one says farewell.

Kensal Green Cemetery.

'Tis but our mortal bodies death can sever,
The heart's affection lives and loves for ever.

Brompton Cemetery.



They are not here, but with their Lord ;
How canst thou then repine ?
They died to sin once—now they live
A better life than thine.

Christmas Eve.

Death can't disjoin whom Christ hath join'd in love.
Life leads to death, and death to life above.

The crown of life he weareth,
He bears the shining palm,
The "Holy ! holy !" shareth,
And joins the angel's psalm ;
But we poor pilgrims wander
Still through this land of woe,
Till we shall meet him yonder,
And all his joy shall know.

C. H. Spitta.

They who are one in Christ,
Hid in his heart,
Death cannot sever, nor
Hold long apart.
Soon they clasp hands again,
All partings o'er,
Where the Life-giver
Has gone before.

Miss Noel.

"Verses for the Sick and Weary."

Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

St. Pancras, London.

Look down, blest soul ! and from the realms above,
Accept this last sad tribute of our love—
The last : e'en now our sorrows we resign,
And lose our feelings to rejoice in thine.

Abbey Church, Bath.

O may our happy portion be
To join thee in the realms above ;
The glory of our Lord to see,
And sing His everlasting love !

Thomas Kelly.

Say why should friendship grieve for those
Who safe arrive on Canaan's shore !
Released from all their hurtful foes,
They are not lost—but gone before.

Clark.



DEATH.

All heads must come
To the cold tomb ;
Only the actions of the just,
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

Shirley.

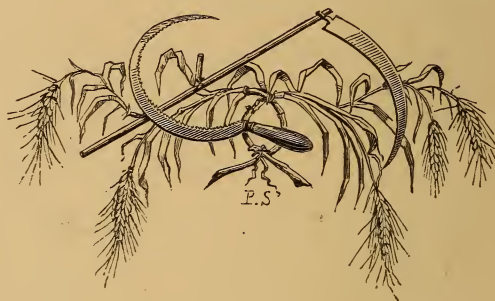
Such as thou art, sometime was I,
Such as I am, such shalt thou bee.
Part of the epitaph on Edward the Black Prince.
Canterbury Cathedral.

Reader, pause as you pass by.
As you are now, so once was I ;
As I am now, so must you be.
Prepare for Heaven, and follow me.
Highgate Cemetery,
Castleton Churchyard, Derbyshire.

If life be long, my days are blest
When they are spent for thee.
If short my course, I sooner rest,
From sin and trouble free.
Richard Baxter.

Though in the path of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still.

Addison.



The grass and flowers which clothe the field,
 And look so green and gay,
 Touch'd by the scythe, defenceless yield,
 And fall, and fade away.
 Ah ! trust not to your fleeting breath,
 Nor call your time your own ;
 Around you, see, the scythe of death
 Is mowing thousands down.
 And you, who hitherto are spared,
 Must shortly yield your lives :
 Your wisdom is to be prepared
 Before the stroke arrives.

*J. Newton, Olney Hymns.
 Wirksworth Churchyard, Derbyshire.*

Our days are as the grass,
 Or like the morning flower ;
 If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
 It withers in an hour.

Dr. Watts.

Catch then, O catch, the transient hour,
 Improve each moment as it flies :
 Life's a short summer, man a flow'r,
 It dies, alas ! how soon it dies !

Dr. Johnson.

The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
 The sun sets, the shadow flies,
 The grave consumes, and man he dies
 Like to the grass that's newly sprung.

Man's Mortality—Simon Wastell (16th cent.)

She died, for Adam sinned.
 She lives, for Jesus died.

Trinity Church, Matlock Bath.

Take them, O death ! and bear away
 Whatever thou canst call thine own !
 Thine image, stampd upon this clay,
 Doth give thee that, but that alone !

Take them, O grave ! and let them lie
Folded upon their narrow shelves,
As garments by the soul laid by,
And precious only to ourselves !

Take them, O great Eternity !
Our little life is but a gust
That bends the branches of thy tree,
And trails its blossoms in the dust !

Longfellow.

Such is human life, so gliding on ;
It glimmers like a meteor and is gone.

Rogers.

My bones shall in this bed remain,
My soul in God shall trust ;
By whom I hope to rise again,
From death and earthly dust.
George Gascoigne, temp. Queen Elizabeth.

Be not weary, toiling Christian,
Great the master thou dost serve ;
Let no disappointment move thee,
From thy service never swerve ;
Sow in hope, nor cease thy sowing,
Lack not patience, faith, or prayer ;
Seed time passeth—harvest hasteneth,
Precious sheaves thou then shalt bear.

Life is the path to death : the gayest bloom
Leads to the gloomy shadow of the tomb.
Then haste, by faith, the light of God to see,
And death shall prove the path of life to thee.
Ilam Churchyard, Derbyshire.

O hasten, sinner, to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy lamp should cease to burn
Before the needful work is done.

The mouldering earth and hungry worm
The dust they lent may claim ;
But the enduring spirit lives
Eternally the same.

Caroline Fry.

The worm may waste this withering clay,
When flesh and spirit sever ;
My soul shall see eternal day,
And dwell with God for ever.

Dale.

You that pass by, and say of me,
Alas ! her Life is done,
Be it well known unto you all,
My Life is now begun.

The Life I lived among you all,
Was Sorrow, Grief, and Pain ;
But now I have a life, indeed,
Of Pleasure, Joy, and Gain.

Frobisher's Epitaphs.

O let me wing my hallow'd flight
From earth-born woe and care ;
And soar beyond these realms of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share !

J. Baptist Noel.

In steadfast hope of that glad day,
Here lies entomb'd my weary clay.
Reader, Awake, Believe, Repent ;
Thy hours, as mine, are only lent.
The day is hasting, when, as me,
Thou, too, shalt dust and ashes be.
Forsake thy sins, in Christ believe,
And thou shalt surely with him live.

Bunhill Fields Burial Ground.

The year rolls on, and steals away
The breath that first it gave.
Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

In its true light this transient life regard,
 A state of trial only—not reward.
 Tho' rough the passage, peaceful is the port,
 The bliss is perfect—the probation short.

Easthampstead, Berks.



Whilest I was yong in warres I shed my blood
 Both for my King and for my country's good ;
 In elder years my care was chief to be
 Soldier to Him who shedd His blood for me.
 Now resting here in hope a whyle I lye,
 Farewell, good reader, never fear to die.

Waddesdon Church, Bucks, 1608.

Youth Builds for Age, Age Builds for Rest.
 They who Build for Heaven Build Best.

Peterborough Cathedral Yard.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
Where they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God.

Gray.

Oh thou, or friend or stranger, who shalt tread,
These peaceful mansions of the silent dead,
Oh, pause—reflect—repent—resolve—amend.
Life has no length—Eternity, no end.

Ashbourne Churchyard, Derbyshire.

Shudder not to pass the stream.
Venture all thy care on Him—
Him, whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its war.
Safe as the expanded wave,
Gentle as the summer eve,
Not one object of His care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

Wait not the eleventh hour, nor madly dare
To stay repentance and to tempt thy doom.
One thief was saved, lest sinners should despair ;
And only one, lest sinners should presume.

Churchyard Thoughts.

Cheat not yourselves, as most, who then prepare
 For death, when life is almost turned to fume.
 One thief was saved, that no man might despair ;
 And but one thief, that no one might presume.

Henry Delaune, 1657.

Lord, what was I ? a worm, dust, vapour, nothing ;
 What was my life ? a dream, a daily dying ;
 What was my flesh ? my soul's uneasy clothing ;
 What was my time ? a minute, ever flying.
 My time, my flesh, my life, and I ;
 What were we Lord, but vanity ?

Kensal Green Cemetery.



Lord, grant us so to Thee to turn,
 That we to die through life may learn ;
 And thus, when life's brief day is o'er,
 Rejoice with Thee for evermore.

O world, I yet would teach thee
 That death will surely reach thee,
 That thou must follow me ;
 Then, while thy days are lengthen'd,
 Pray that thy faith be strengthen'd,
 That God have mercy too on thee !

J. Hesse, before 1547.

Beyond the grave two states alone remain—
Of endless joy, or everlasting pain.

Till death the weary spirit free,
My God hath said, 'Tis good for thee
To wait in faith, and not by sight.
Take it on trust a little while ;
Soon shalt thou read the mystery right,
In the full sunshine of His smile.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death !
Mrs. Hemans.

Go, labour on while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on.
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away,
It is not thus that souls are won.
W. P. M.

He best can part with life without a sigh,
Whose daily living is to daily die.
Churchyard Thoughts.

Like crowded forest trees we stand,
And soon are marked to fall.
The axe will strike at God's command,
And soon will strike us all.

Hathersage Churchyard, Derbyshire.

Mors janua vitæ.
(Death the gate of Life.)

Here lies the casket, but the jewel is gone,
Guarded by angels to the Almighty's throne,
To live for ever with the Three in One.
Trinity Church, Guildford.

Death is the crown of Life.

Young.

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while you live,
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when you die ;
After death its joys shall be
Lasting as eternity.
Be the living God your friend,
Then your bliss shall never end !

How sweet to hear Him say at last,
"Ye blessed children, come ;
The days of banishment are past,
And heaven is now your home !"

Thomas Kelly.

Tho' in a foreign land,
We are not far from home ;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

A. M. Toplady.

Gone home.

Whitby Cemetery.

And when I lie in the green kirkyard,
With the mould upon my breast,
Say not that she did well or ill,
Only, "She did her best."

Blame not the monumental stone we raise ;
'Tis to the Saviour's, not the creature's praise.
Sin was the whole that she could call her own,
Her goodness all derived from Him alone.
For sin her conflicts, pains, and griefs she owed,
Her conquering faith and patience He bestowed.
Reader, mayst thou obtain like precious faith,
To smile in anguish, and rejoice in death.

Olney Churchyard.

As the tree falls,
So must it lie.
As the man lives,
So will he die.
As the man dies,
Such must he be
All through the days of eternity.

Hymns Ancient and Modern.

Oft as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepared, should I be called to die?"

J. Newton, Olney Hymns.

So steer across the sea of life,
As not to miss the port of heaven.

Tombstone in a Danish island.

Dear beauteous death, the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could men outlook that mark!

H. Vaughan.

One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more—Death, thou shalt die.
Dr. Donne.

Millions have lived upon to-morrow's name,
And dying, found to-morrow never came.

Emigravit.
On the Tomb of Albert Dürer, Nuremberg.

Heaven is the haven in which we hope to rest ;
Death is the door whereby we enter in.
Sweet Saviour, grant that so we live to die
That after death we live eternally.

Humphrey Gifford (temp. Queen Elizabeth).

Dear friends, choose
God for your portion ;
Christ for your master ;
The Scriptures for your rule ;
Holiness for your way ;
And Heaven for your home.
St. John's Churchyard, Buxton.

Take time, while time doth serve ; 'tis time to-day,
 For secret dangers will attend delay ;
 Do what thou canst—to-day hath eagle's wings ;
 For who can tell what change to-morrow brings ?

J. G. Lockhart.

In every stage of life is giv'n
 A warning voice ; it comes from heav'n.
 In childhood's hour it breathes around,
 "The fairest flowers are faded found."
 In youth, it whispers as a friend,
 "Reflect upon thy latter end."
 In age, it thunders on the blast,
 "O man ! thy earthly years are past."
 In joy and grief, in ease and care,
 In every stage, "Prepare, prepare."

Old Humphrey.

The earth goeth to the earth glist'ring like gold ;
 The earth goeth to the earth sooner than it wold.
 The earth builds on the earth castles and towers ;
 The earth says to the earth, All shall be ours.

James Ramsay, 1761.

Melrose Abbey.

Long at her couch Death took his patient stand,
 And menaced oft, and oft withheld the blow :
 To give reflection time, with lenient art,
 Each fond delusion from her soul to steal :

Teach her from folly peaceably to part,
 And wean her from a world she loved so well.
 Say, are ye sure his mercy shall extend
 To you so long a span? Alas! ye sigh.
 Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
 And learn with equal ease to sleep or die.

*Mason (part of Elegy on the
 Death of Lady Coventry).*

Prepared be
 To follow me.

*Inscribed on seven mourning rings, given after the death of
 King Charles I.*

O mors, ero mors tua (Death, I will be thy death).
 Also

Mori sæpe cogita (Think oft of death).
Inscribed on Martin Luther's ring.

Hic jacet peccatorum maximus.
Shottesbrooke Churchyard, Berks.

Mors patet, hora latet.
 (Death is most sure, unseen its hour.)

In pace.

Catacombs at Rome.



AFFLICTION.

Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-liv'd care.
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

J. M. Neale.

From Bernard de Morlaix.

He lives where none can mourn and weep,
And calmly shall this body sleep
Till God shall Death himself destroy,
And raise it into glorious joy.

Weiss (1531).

Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

W. C. Bryant.

A little while through grief and care,
Thy servants, Lord, their cross must bear.
Still let this thought our hearts beguile—
It is but for a little while.

At the eleventh hour, weary of earth I come.
Saviour, most merciful, take the poor wand'rer home.

Mary W. S. Gibson.

The trampled weed of earth is now a starry flower
above.

See, your Saviour is ascended,
See, He looks with pity down ;
Trust Him, all will soon be mended ;
Bear His cross, you'll share His crown.

Mrs. Hannah More.

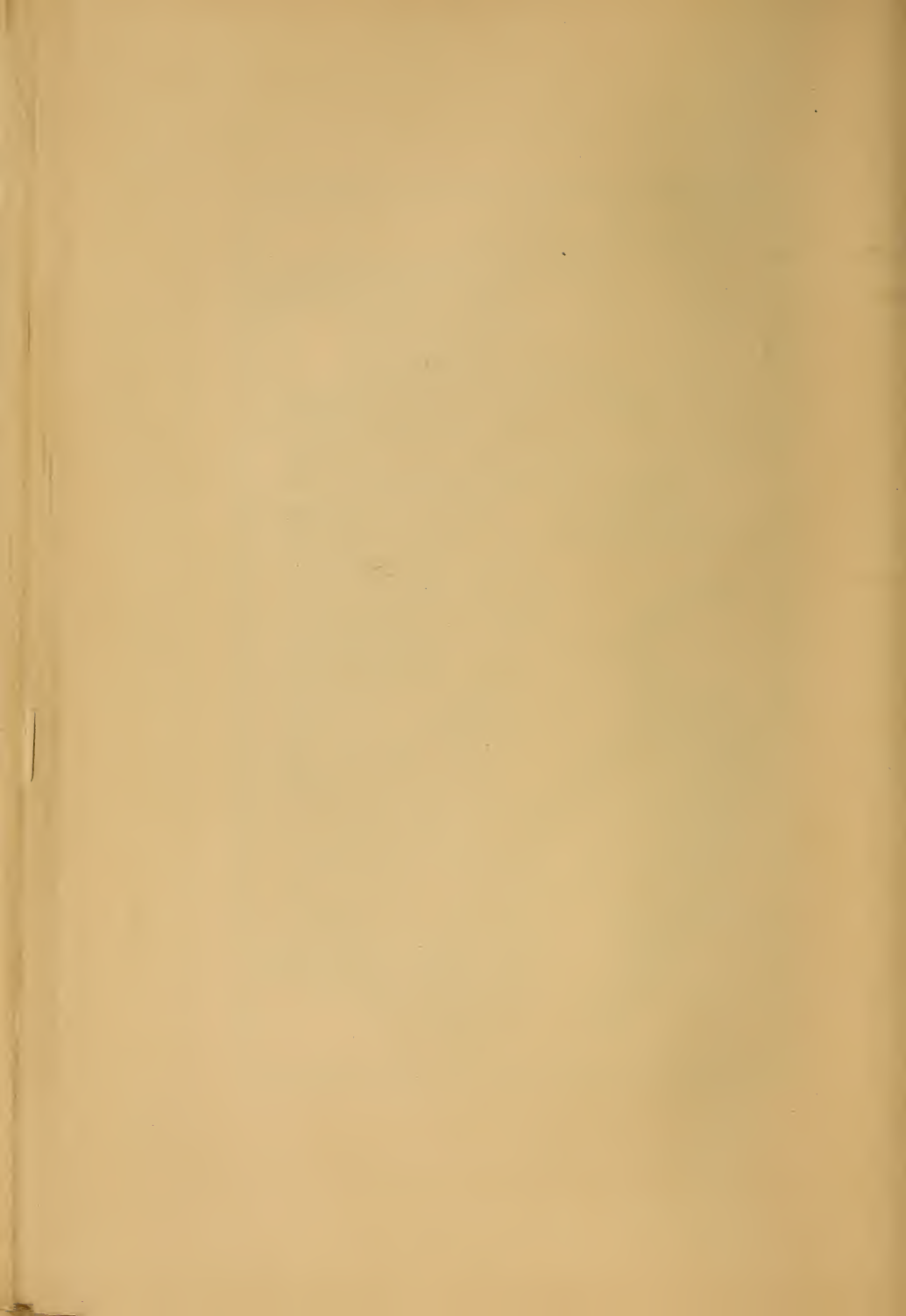
When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past ?

S. P. Pattison.

O Thou that dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee.

T. Moore.





Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast ;
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest.

Dr. Raffles.

No cross, no crown,—no loss, no gain ;
They first must suffer who would reign.
Churchyard Thoughts.

Thus much (and this is all) we know,
They are completely blest ;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.
J. Newton, Olney Hymns.

Forth from the gloomy prison
Jesus, we follow Thee,
With broken chain,
With ended pain,
To life and liberty !
Dr. Thompson, New York.

When afflictions cloud my sky,
When the tide of sorrow flows,
When thy rod is lifted high,
Let me on thy love repose.
Jane Taylor.

All the toil, the sorrow done ;
All the battle fought and won.

A. P. Stanley, D.D.

When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond the cage,
And long to soar away. *Toplady.*

Who loves the cross and Him who on it died,
In every cloud sees Jesus by his side.

Faint not, Christian ! though the road
Leading to thy blest abode
Darksome be, and dangerous too—
Christ, thy guide, will bring thee through.

Faint not, Christian ! though thy God
Smite thee with his chast'ning rod ;
Smite he must, with father's care,
That he may his love declare.

Severely afflicted, yet when most depress'd,
Resign'd, she endured it as all for the best.
Praised God for his goodness both present and past,
And yielded her spirit in peace at the last.

Ashbourne Churchyard, Derbyshire.

Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christian! onward go;
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

The thorn it was poignant, but precious to me;
'Twas the message of mercy—it led me to Thee.

Anon.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer have often striven
With the God they glorified.
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

All our woe and sadness
In this world below
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know.

Hymns Ancient and Modern.

Poor wanderer of the world's entangled wild!
There is an eye that marks thy lonely way,
A heart that loves thee as a cherished child,
A hand that waits to wipe thy tears away.

I was so long with pain oppress'd,
That wore my strength away,
It made me long for endless rest,
Which never can decay.

Rowsley Churchyard, Derbyshire.

Thus far the Lord hath led us ! The waters have been
high,
And yet in passing through them we felt that he was nigh.
A very pleasant helper in troubles we have found :
His mercies most abounded when our sorrows did
abound.

Long sickness wore—sad weariness—and pain :
Physicians tried their art, but tried in vain ;
The great Physician He alone could save :
“ Rest thee awhile,” He said, “ within the grave,
And I will give thee, in eternal day,
A form no pain shall touch, no sickness shall decay.”

Churchyard Thoughts.

The way is past,
It was strange at last,
And dark, and cold, and dreary ;
But one was nigh,
And He closed the eye,
And gave calm rest to the weary.

'Tis sweet to hope her pains are fled,
 Her toils and sorrows closed for ever ;
 While He whose blood for man was shed
 Shall place upon His servant's head
 A crown that fadeth never.

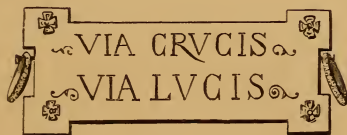
Guildford Cemetery.

Let us be patient. These severe afflictions
 Not from the ground arise ;
 But oftentimes celestial benedictions
 Assume this dark disguise.
 We see but dimly through the mists and vapours,
 Amid these earthly damps.
 What seem to us but sad funereal tapers
 May be heaven's distant lamps.

Longfellow.

This world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given ;
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow :
 There's nothing true but heaven.

Moore.





HEAVEN.

Room in the kingdom of His love,
Room in the Father's house above.
Ten thousand saints His name adore,
But still He cries, "There's room for more."

Anon.

'Twas for sinners Jesus died,
Sinners he invites to come ;
None who come shall be denied,
He says, "There still is room."*

J. Newton, Olney Hymns.

Dreams cannot picture a world so fair ;
Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom ;
Beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb ;
It is there, it is there, my child.

Mrs. Hemans.

* Luke xiv. 22.

There's a beautiful land on high ;
Then why should I fear to die,
When death is the way to the realms of day,
In that beautiful land on high ?
In that beautiful land I'll be
From earth and its cares set free ;
My Jesus is there, he's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

American Sacred Songster.

Through tribulation great they came ;
They bore the cross, despised the shame.
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace ;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
To Him the loud thanksgiving raise.

Far, far beyond these mortal shores,
A bright inheritance is ours ;
Where saints in light our coming wait,
To share their holy blissful state.

Dr. Watts.

We've no abiding city here.
Sad truth ! were this to be our home ;
But let this thought our spirits cheer—
We seek a city yet to come.

T. Kelly.

Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never dies.
How make my own election sure,
And, when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

Hathersage Churchyard, Derbyshire.

Less than the least,
And lowest at earth's feast,
We saw her heart to better things aspire.
Angels, at Heaven's command,
Then took her by the hand,
And bade the lowly child of God—"Go higher."
Churchyard Thoughts.

No sin, no grief, no pain ;
Safe in my happy home,
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,
My hour of triumph come.
Rowsley Churchyard, Derbyshire.

I have done with sin—I have done with sorrow—
I soar to the spotless realms of light,
When the day that is breaking shall have no morrow,
And the sun that is rising shall have no night.

Joseph Fearn.

The joy that fades is not for me,
I seek immortal joys above ;
There glory without end shall be
The bright reward of faith and love.

J. Newton, Olney Hymns.

She is not lost—her spirit giveth
Immortal peace, and high it liveth.
She is not mute—with angels blending,
Her voice to us is still descending.

Hathersage Churchyard, Derbyshire.

They are waiting for our coming,
Angels, on the other shore ;
Waiting to receive the ransomed,
When the storms of life are o'er.
Watching at the shining portal
Of our Father's mansion fair ;
They will strike their harps of glory,
They will bid us welcome there.

They are waiting, waiting, waiting,
 Angels on the other shore,
 Waiting to receive the ransomed,
 When the storms of life are o'er.

American Sacred Songster.

I'm going to leave all my sadness,
 I'm going to change earth for heaven.
 There, there all is peace, all is gladness;
 There pureness and glory are given.
 Come quickly, then, Jesus! Amen.

Dr. Cæsar Malan.

The world recedes! it disappears!
 Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring:
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 O grave! where is thy victory?
 O death! where is thy sting?

Pope.

With ashes who would grudge to part,
 When called on angels' bread to feast?

Dr. Philip Doddridge.

Yea, I see what here was told me,
 See that wondrous glory shine,
 Feel the spotless robes enfold me,
 Know a golden crown is mine.

So before the throne I stand,
One amid that glorious band,
Gazing on that joy for aye,
That shall never pass away.

Albinus, 1652.

There's no death in the Homeland,
There's no sorrow above.
Christ brings us all to the Homeland
Of His eternal love !

Thomas Haweis.

Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven His full resemblance bears ;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold Him face to face.

Dr. Watts.

Oh ! weep not for the blessed dead,
But try to catch their strain,
While on their golden harps they sing
His love for sinners slain.

C. H. J.

He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pastures grow,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

Easthampstead Churchyard, Berks.

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above ;
So let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveller's foot astray
From realms of love.

Long fellow.

Only a little longer
Have we to trust and wait,
E'er we reach the portals,
Pass the pearly gate,
Hear the shout of welcome,
From loved ones gone before,
In our Father's mansion,
Home for evermore.

It is not exile, rest on high ;
It is not sadness, peace from strife ;
To fall asleep is not to die ;
To dwell with Christ is better life.

Dr. J. Mason Neale.

If our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know,
When round His throne we meet.

Rejoice, rejoice for ever,
Though earthly friends be gone,
For silently and swiftly
The wheels of time roll on.
And still they bear thee forward,
Nearer that happy shore,
While the triumphant song is,
"Rejoice for evermore."

Anon.

O what a joyful meeting there,
In robes of white array'd;
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

No, no it is not dying,
Heaven's citizen to be,
A crown imperial wearing,
And rest unbroken sharing,
From care and conflict free.
Dr. Caesar Malan.

That hand that scatters pardons down,
Shall crowns of life bestow.

Dr. Ph. Doddridge.

O what were life, if life were all? Thine eyes
Are blinded by their tears, or thou wouldst see
Thy treasures wait thee on the far-off skies,
And death, thy friend, will give them all to thee.

A. A. Proctor.

The storms that rack this world beneath,
Shall there for ever cease,
The only air the blessed breathe
Is purity and peace.

Christian Lyrics.

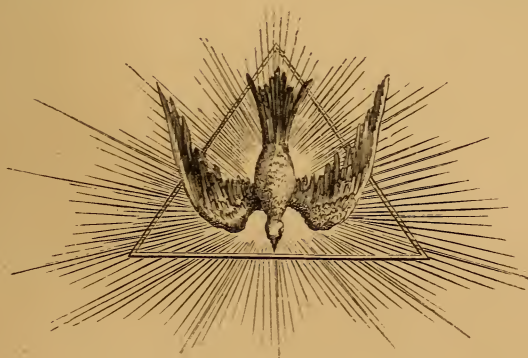
Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought dear reward—
A golden harp for me.
'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by grace divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name than Thine.





REST.

In the ark the weary dove
Found a welcome resting place ;
Thus my spirit longs to prove
Rest in Christ, the ark of grace.
Tempest-tossed I long have been,
And the flood increases fast.
Open, Lord, and take me in,
Till the storm be overpast.
J. Newton, Olney Hymns.



Lo, the ark is open !
Come, thou weary dove,
Rest from all thy wanderings
In my heart of love. *E. H. H.*

Brother, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown,
Where tears are wiped from ev'ry eye,
And sorrow is unknown ;
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fear released ;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

H. H. Milman.

Oh ! I long to be with Jesus,
In the mansions of the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

American Sacred Songster.

Prisoner, long detain'd below,
Prisoner, now with freedom blest,
Welcome from a world of woe,
Welcome to a land of Rest !

J. Montgomery.

Rest remaineth—hush that sigh,
Mourning pilgrim, rest is nigh ;
Yet a season, bright and blest,
Thou shalt enter on thy rest.

Paxton Hood.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 Come unto me and rest ;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast.
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad ;
 I found in Him a resting place,
 And He has made me glad.

H. Bonar.

Rest comes to all, though life be long and dreary,
 The day *must* dawn and darksome night be past ;
 All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
 And Heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Faber, Pilgrims of the Night.

Thou art my pilot wise,
 My compass is thy word ;
 My soul each storm defies,
 While I have such a Lord.
 I trust thy faithfulness and power
 To save me in the trying hour.

.

By faith I see the land,
 The port of endless rest ;
 My soul, thy sails expand,
 And fly to Jesus' breast.
 O may I reach the heavenly shore,
 Where winds and waves distress no more !
Toplady.

When the dangerous rocks are pass'd,
 When the threatening tempests cease,
 O how sweet to rest at last
 In a silent port of peace ! *Russian Poetry.*

Tempest toss'd I long have been,
 And the flood increases fast.
 Open, Lord, and take me in,
 Till the storm be overpast. *J. Newton.*

There is an hour of peaceful rest
 To mourning wanderers given ;
 There is a tear for souls distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast,
 'Tis found above—in heaven. *Anon.*

Lo ! the prisoner is relieved,
 Lightened of its fleshly load :
 Where the weary are at rest,
 She is gathered unto God.
 Hathersage Churchyard, Derbyshire.

Rest, spirit, rest !
 In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,
 Where sin and sorrow can approach no more,
 With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed,
 Beside the streams of life eternal led,
 For ever with thy God and Saviour blest.
 Rest, sweetly rest ! *Miss J. Borthwick.*



AEI

RESURRECTION.

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal.
“Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”
Was not spoken of the soul.

Longfellow.

O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
“I know that my Redeemer lives.”
Hathersage Churchyard, Derbyshire.

Fearless we lay us in the tomb,
And sleep the night away,
If Thou art there to break the gloom,
And call us back to day.
Death hurts us not ; his power is gone,
And pointless are his darts ;

God's favour now on us hath shone,
Joy filleth all our hearts.

Benjamin Schmolke.

Translated by C. Winkworth.

There is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crown'd,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

Sir Henry Baker.

Grave, the guardian of our dust !
Grave, the treasury of the skies !
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise.
Hark ! the judgment trumpet calls,
Soul, rebuild thy house of clay—
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day ! *J. Montgomery.*

Second life we now receive,
And in Christ for ever live.

Charles Wesley.

Within the silent grave I rest,
In hope to rise among the bless'd.
Castleton Churchyard, Derbyshire.

Listening for the call divine,
The last trumpet of the seven,
Soon our soul and dust shall join,
And both fly up to Heaven.

Charles Wesley.

When the last trumpet sounds, the just
Shall rise triumphant o'er the dust.

Collyer.

Oh ! on that Day, that wrathful Day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay.
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

Sir Walter Scott.

The buried grain of wheat must die,
Wither'd and worthless long must lie,
Yet springs to light all sweet and fair,
And proper fruits shall richly bear.

Even so this body made of dust,
To earth we once again entrust ;
And painless it shall slumber here,
Until the Last Great Day appear.

N. Hermann, 1560.

So falls to earth the ripen'd grain ;
'Tis buried, but to rise again.

G. Mogridge.

It must be so—our father Adam's fall
 And disobedience brought this lot on all.
 All die in him ; but hopeless should we be,
 Blest revelation ! were it not for thee.
 Hail ! glorious gospel, heavenly light, whereby
 We live with comfort, and with comfort die ;
 And view, beyond this gloomy scene, the tomb,
 A life of endless happiness to come.

Brading Churchyard, Isle of Wight.

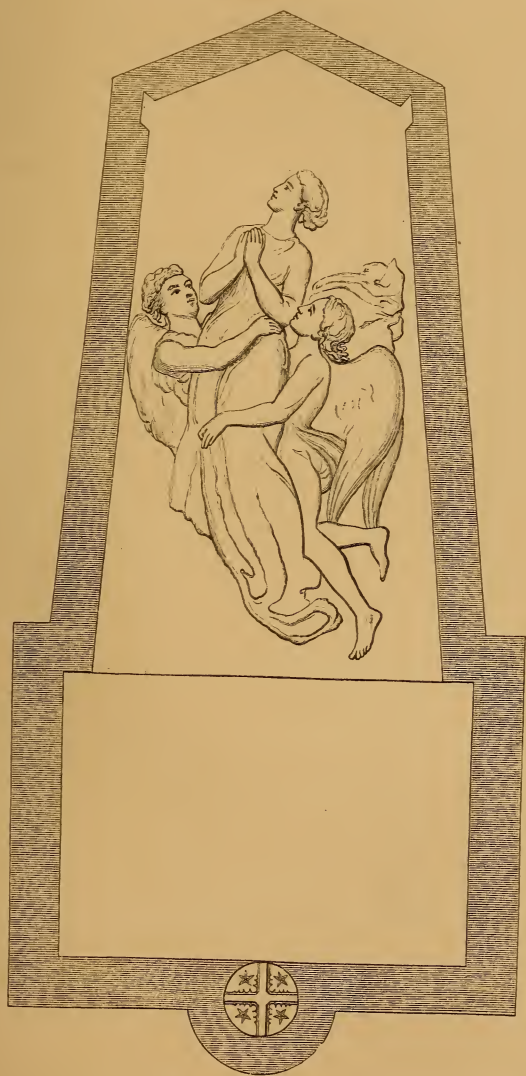
My peaceful grave shall keep
 My bones till that sweet day ;
 I wake from my long sleep
 And leave my bed of clay.
 Sweet truth to me !
 I shall arise,
 And with these eyes
 My Saviour see.

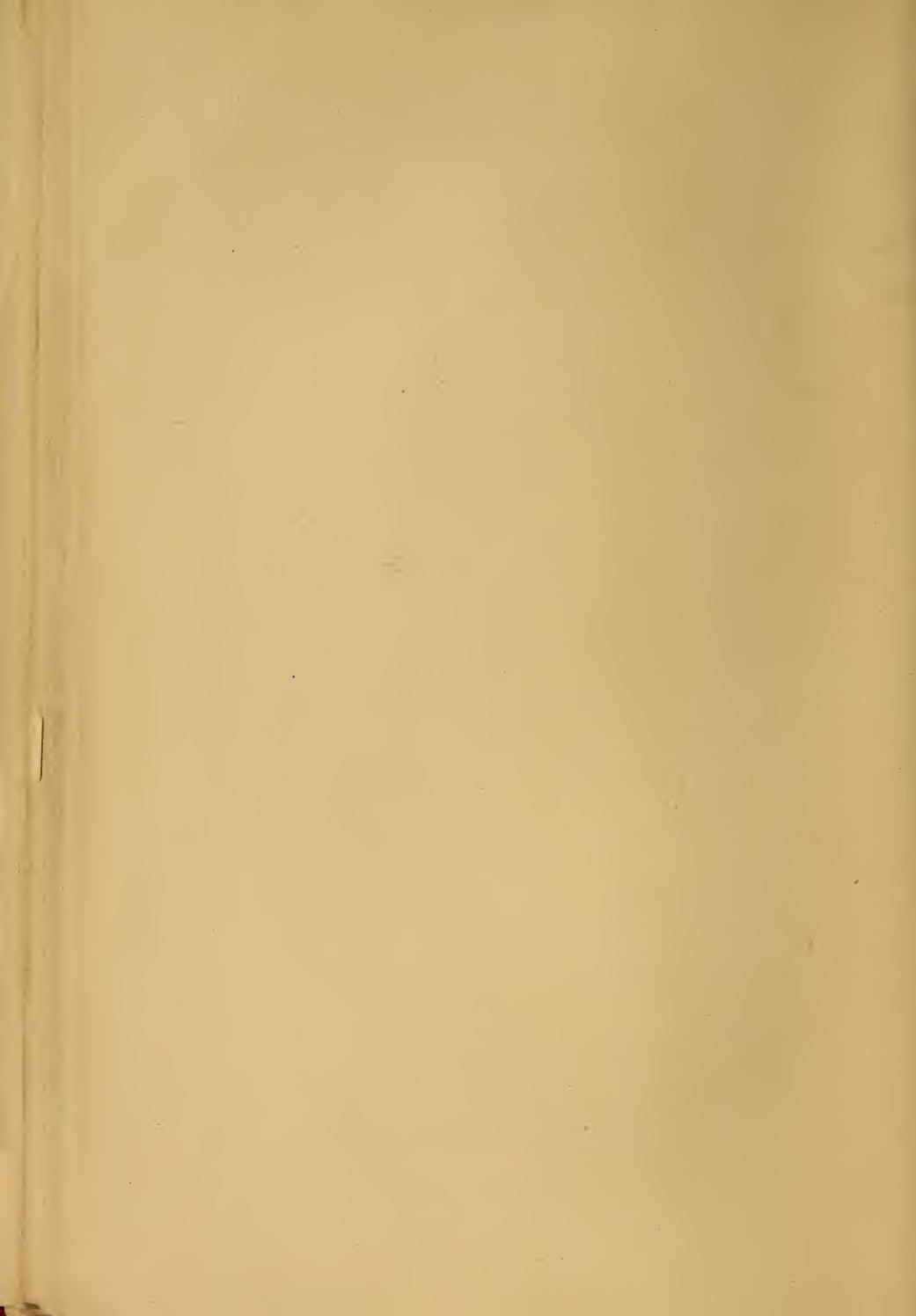
Samuel Crossman, 1664.

Corruption, earth, and worms,
 Shall but refine the flesh,
 Till my triumphant spirit comes
 To put it on afresh.

Derby New Cemetery.

Happy soul ! thy days are ended,
 All thy mourning days below ;
 Go, by angel-guards, attended
 To the sight of Jesus go !





Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo, the Saviour stands above,
Shows the purchase of His merit,
Reaches out the crown of love !

Charles Wesley.

The spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark.
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim,
When thou thyself art dark.
No ! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death.

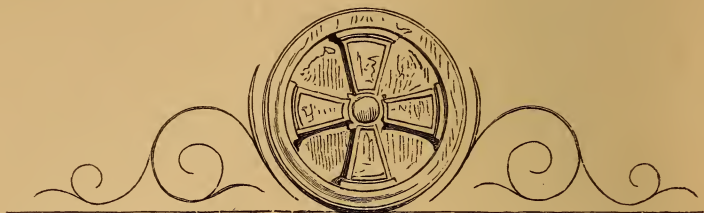
T. Campbell.

Thou from the grave my soul shalt free,
And raise it up to dwell with thee ;
There pleasures, all unmix'd with woe,
At thy right hand for ever flow.

St. Nicholas Churchyard, Guildford.

The blighted flower shall bloom again,
The fallen star shall rise,
Triumphant from the gloom of death,
To glory in the skies.

Southern Necropolis, Glasgow.



SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

The Shepherd sought his sheep ;
The father sought his child ;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone ;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

H. Bonar.

Why those fears ? behold ! 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm, and guides the ship :
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes,
Sent to waft us o'er the deep
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.

T. Kelly.

The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul He placed ;
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

Dr. Watts.

And there, with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.

F. W.

Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to thine abode :
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

J. Newton, Olney Hymns.

Just as I am,—without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am,—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now to be thine, yea thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Charlotte Elliott.

Beneath the cross of Jesus
I lay me down to hear
The welcome sound "'Tis finished,"
So sweet to sinner's ear.

On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.

Rees.

In peace she did her soul resign,
To God who kindly gave it.
Why shouldst not thou do so with thine ?
Christ lived and died to save it.
Eyam Churchyard, Derbyshire.

Reader ! hast thou washed thy robes,
Made them white in Jesus' blood ?
Is thy trust his righteousness ?
Fear not then to meet thy God.
They who love and trust in Christ,
By the Spirit sanctified,
They shall sing the heavenly song,
Worthy is the Lamb that died !"

Hide me in thy dear heart,
For thither do I fly ;
There seek thy grace through life, in death
Thine immortality.

In my Saviour's intercession,
Therefore, I will still confide ;
Lord, accept my free confession,
I have sinned, but thou hast died :
 This is all I have to plead,
 This is all the plea I need.

J. Newton, Olney Hymns.

Jesu, may Thy cross defend me,
Through Thy death salvation send me,
 Shield me with thy grace and love !
When death severs flesh and spirit,
May my soul through Thee inherit
 Thy bright Paradise above !

Say, would'st thou die in peace ? then seek that blood
Which reconciles a sinner to his God !

When from the dust of death I rise
To take my mansion in the skies ;
E'en then shall this be all my plea—
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

Count Zinzendorf.

Reproduced by John Wesley.

Hold then Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee.
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me !

H. F. Lyte.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

Keble.

Man ! thy frail body hastens to the grave,
Thy soul must soon before the Judge appear ;
O flee to Jesus ! He has power to save ;
In life, in death—he is a refuge near !

Lord, let me yield in peace my breath,
And thy salvation see ;
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me.

Dr. Valpy.

How bless'd the light that gilds death's deepest gloom
With prospects of a better life to come !
How bless'd the Saviour, whose almighty power
Sheds joy and comfort on a dying hour !

Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness,
To celestial day.

Hymns Ancient and Modern.

No more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done :
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son.
The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne ;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

Dr. Watts.

Let every high self-righteous thought
Be utterly cast down ;
Free grace alone the work hath wrought,
And grace shall wear the crown.

Ralph Erskine.

A sinner saved by sovereign grace.

Brompton Cemetery.

Who is a pardoning God but Thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

Davies.

Sin, death, and hell, are now subdued,
All grace is now to sinners giv'n ;
And lo ! I plead the atoning blood,
For pardon, holiness, and heav'n.

Toplady.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

Toplady.

O joy to live for Thee,
O joy in Thee to die !
O very joy of joys to see
Thy face eternally.

Him first, Him last, Him midst and without end.

Milton.

Lord, give us grace, like him
In thee to live and die ;
To spurn the fleeting things of earth,
And seek for joys on high.

Farewell, world, thy gold is dross,
Now I see the bleeding cross.
Jesus died to set me free,
From the law, and sin, and thee !

He has dearly bought my soul ;
Lord, accept and claim the whole !
To thy will I all resign,
Now no more my own, but thine.

J. Newton, Olney Hymns.

The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due ;
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

Hymns Ancient and Modern.

A debtor to mercy alone. *Toplady.*

Christ is to me as life on earth, and death to me is gain,
Because I trust, through him alone, salvation to obtain.
So brittle is the state of man, so soon it doth decay,
So all the glory of the world must pass and fade away.

St. Lawrence Church, Reading.

*(On Brass of Butler, Mayor
of Reading, now gone.)*

A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thine hands I fall :
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
And lodge it, Saviour, in Thy breast.

I fear'd not death,
And mark the reason why—
He that believes in Christ
Shall never die.

St. John's Churchyard, Buxton.

The race appointed I have run,
The combat o'er, the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.
Not in mine innocence I trust,
I bow before Thee in the dust,
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at Thy throne.

Logan.





SUBMISSION.

“ O Father ! not My will, but Thine be done,”
So spake the Son,
Be this our charm, mellowing earth’s ruder noise
In perfect rest.

Keble.

Though thou hast call’d me to resign
What most I priz’d, it ne’er was mine,
I have but yielded what was thine,—
Thy will be done !

Charlotte Elliott.

My God, thy name is Love !
A Father’s hand is Thine,
With tearful eye I look above,
And cry—Thy will is mine.

Deal Churchyard.

My God ! my Father ! while I stray
Far from my home on life’s rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say—
Thy will be done.

Then when on earth I breathe no more,
 The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
 I'll sing, when on a happier shore—
 Thy will be done.

Charlotte Elliott.

Were it not better to lie still?
 Let Him strike home, we bless the rod;
 Never so safe as when our will
 Yields—undiscern'd by all but God.

We cannot, Lord, thy purpose see,
 But all is well that's done by Thee.

Angels of life and death alike are His;
 Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;
 Who then, would wish or dare, believing this,
 Against His messengers to shut the door?

Longfellow.

Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
 O give me strength to bear;
 O let me know my Father reigns,
 And trust his tender care.
 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
 To my weak erring sight;
 Yet let my soul, adoring, own
 That all thy ways are right.

Anon.

Whate'er thy lot—whoe'er thou be,—
Confess thy folly—kiss the rod ;
And in thy chast'ning sorrow see
The hand of God.

J. Montgomery.

Submission to thy will, my God,
I all to thee resign ;
Bowing beneath thy chastening rod,
I mourn, but not repine.

T. Haweis.

Sweetly and safely now she rests :
Oh, do not grieve or weep ;
Dry up those bitter falling tears,
She's gently hush'd to sleep.
My Father, help me now to say,
Most holy is thy will ;
Grant me submission day by day,
And whisper, " Peace, be still."

H. Jennings.

This sorrow's heavenly—
It strikes where it doth love.

Shakspeare.



§8.

THEY SHALL IN NO WISE LOSE THEIR REWARD
 MATT CHAP X VER 42

TEXTS FROM SCRIPTURE.

AFFLICTION.

God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain : for the former things are passed away. *Rev. xxi. 4.*

Watch thou in all things, endure afflictions.

2 Tim. iv. 5.

Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.

Psalms cxix. 75.

Before I was afflicted I went astray ; but now have I kept thy word.

Psalms cxix. 67.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous ; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

Psalms xxxiv. 19.

Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

2 Cor. iv. 17.

I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.

Isaiah xlviii. 10.

I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

Rom. viii. 18.

He will swallow up death in victory ; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces.

Isaiah xxv. 8.

As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten.

Rev. iii. 19.

All things work together for good to them that love God.

Rom. viii. 28.

Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

2 Tim. ii. 3.

Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.

Psalms cxii. 4.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.

Deut. xxxiii. 25.

We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God.

Acts xiv. 22.

If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him.

2 Tim. ii. 12.

I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

Psalms xxxiv. 4.

The heart knoweth his own bitterness.

Prov. xiv. 10.

The days of thy mourning shall be ended.

Isaiah lx. 20.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

Psalms cxxvi. 5.

Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.

Job v. 7.

I, even I, am he that comforteth you.

Isaiah li. 12.

He hath smitten, and he will bind us up.

Hosea vi. 1.

Perfect through sufferings.

Heb. ii. 10.

He maketh sore, and bindeth up : He woundeth, and
His hands make whole.

Job v. 18.

Sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

Isaiah xxxv. 10.



BELIEF IN CHRIST.

We trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, specially of those that believe.

1 Tim. iv. 10.

Unto you therefore which believe He is precious.

1 Pet. ii. 7.

Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

John xi. 26.

Only believe.

Mark v. 36.



BEREAVEMENT.

Sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

1 Thess. iv. 13.

I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.

2 Sam. xii. 23.

What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.

John xiii. 7.

Behold, I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke.

Ezek. xxiv. 16.

The Lord hath sent thee away.

1 Sam. xx. 22.

The only son of his mother, and she was a widow.

Luke vii. 12.

Thou art the helper of the fatherless.

Psalms x. 14.

A father of the fatherless.

Psalms lxxviii. 5.

Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me.

Jer. xlix. 11.

In thee the fatherless findeth mercy.

Hosea xiv. 3.



CHRIST OUR REFUGE AND COMFORTER.

My refuge in the day of affliction.

Jer. xvi. 19.

The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.

Deut. xxxiii. 27.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Psalms xli. 1.

Though I walk in the midst of trouble, Thou wilt revive me.

Psalms cxxxviii. 7.

122 CHRIST OUR REFUGE AND COMFORTER.

It is Thou, Lord, only that makest me dwell in safety.

Psalm iv. 8.

Casting all your care upon him ; for he careth for you.

1 *Peter* v. 7.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.

Psalm lv. 22.

Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.

John vi. 37.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows.

Isaiah liii. 4.

He hath sent me to comfort all that mourn.

Isaiah lxi. 2.

As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.

Isaiah lxvi. 13.

Thou art a place to hide me in.

Psalm xxxii. 8.

Thou art my Rock.

Psalm xxxi. 3.

Strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.

Ephes. vi. 10.

A refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat.

Isaiah xxv. 4.



THORWALDSEN

DEATH.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might ; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.

Eccles. ix. 10.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Psaln xc. 12.

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away.

Cant. ii. 17.

Let me go, for the day breaketh. *Gen. xxxii. 26.*

At evening-time it shall be light. *Zech. xiv. 7.*

Prepare to meet thy God. *Amos* iv. 12.

He giveth his beloved sleep. *Psalms* cxxvii. 2.

It is better for me to die than to live. *Jonah* iv. 3.

The fashion of this world passeth away.
1 Cor. vii. 31.

The rich and poor meet together : the Lord is the
maker of them all. *Prov.* xxii. 2.

For we must needs die, and are as water spilt on the
ground, which cannot be gathered up again : neither doth
God respect any person. *2 Sam.* xiv. 14.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was : and
the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.
Eccles. xii. 7.

I have said to corruption, Thou art my father : to the
worm, Thou art my mother, and my sister.
Job xvii. 14.

Vermis et non homo.

So man lieth down, and riseth not : till the heavens be
no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of
their sleep. *Job* xiv. 12.

Man dieth, and wasteth away : yea, man giveth up
the ghost, and where is he ? *Job* xiv. 10.

Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.

Gen. iii. 19.

It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this
the judgment.

Heb. ix. 27.

Set thine house in order ; for thou shalt surely die.

2 Kings xx. 1.

The Master is come, and calleth for thee.

John xi. 28.

The night cometh, when no man can work.

John ix. 4.

Man goeth to his long home.

Eccles. xii. 5.

I go the way of all the earth.

1 Kings ii. 2.

The house appointed for all living.

Job xxx. 23.

Remember that death will not be long in coming.

Ecclesiasticus xiv. 12.





DEATH OF THE BELIEVER.

I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours ; and their works do follow them.

Rev. xiv. 13.

Carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom.

Luke xvi. 22.

Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.

Matt. xiii. 43.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

Psaln cxvi. 15.

Partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.

Col. i. 12.

And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.

Malachi iii. 17.

He was not, for God took him.

Gen. v. 24.

To live is Christ, to die is gain.

Phil. i. 21.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?
1 Cor. xv. 55.

Death is swallowed up in victory.

1 Cor. xv. 54.

Whoso feareth the Lord, it shall go well with him at the last; and he shall find favour in the day of his death.
Ecclus. i. 13.

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Psalms xxiii. 4.

With Christ, which is far better. *Phil. i. 23.*

My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.

Psalms lxxiii. 26.

When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the kingdom of Heaven to all believers.

Te Deum.

His lot is among the saints. *Wisdom v. 5.*

We bless Thy holy name, for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear. *Liturgy.*

* The end of that man is peace. *Psalms xxxvii. 37.*



DEATH OF INFANTS, CHILDREN, THE
YOUNG.

Whiter than snow.

Psalm li. 7.

Cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down.

Job xiv. 2.

He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry
them in his bosom.

Isaiah xl. 11.

They brought unto him also infants.

Luke xviii. 15.

Out of the mouth of very babes and sucklings hast
thou ordained strength.

Psalm viii. 2.

Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me : for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

Matt. xix. 14.

Of such is the kingdom of God. *Mark x. 14.*

In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven. *Matt. xviii. 10.*

He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower.
Burial Service.

And Jesus called a little child unto him.
Matt. xviii. 2.

The Lord had called the child. *1 Sam. iii. 8.*

Is it well with the child ? And she answered, It is well.
2 Kings iv. 26.

Thy son liveth. *John iv. 50.*

Weep not ; she is not dead, but sleepeth.
Luke viii. 52.

The days of his youth hast thou shortened.
Psalms lxxxix. 45.

Yea, speedily was he taken away, lest that wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul.
Wisdom iv. 2.

Those that seek me early shall find me.

Prov. viii. 17.

Behold thou hast made my days as it were a span
long.

Psaln xxxix. 6.

Mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee.

Psaln xxxix. 6.



DEATH OF WIFE—HUSBAND.

And they seemed unto him but a few days, for the
love he had to her.

Gen. xxix. 20.

A prudent wife is from the Lord.

Prov. xix. 14.

One shall be taken, and the other left.

Matt. xiv. 41.



EMIGRANT'S WIFE.

I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love
of thine espousals, when thou wentest after me in the
wilderness, in a land that was not sown. *Jer. ii. 2.*



FAITHFULNESS.

Fight the good fight of faith. 1 *Tim.* vi. 12.

Strong in faith, giving glory to God. *Rom.* iv. 20.

Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. 1 *Peter* i. 5.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. *Rev.* ii. 10.

He is faithful that promised. *Heb.* x. 23.

God is faithful. 1 *Cor.* i. 9.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life. *James* i. 12.

They shall not be ashamed that wait for me. *Isaiah* xlix. 23.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things. *Rev.* xxi. 7.

FORGIVENESS.

He will abundantly pardon. *Isaiah* lv. 7.

The Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy.
James v. 11.

Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity?
Micah vii. 18.

I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions
for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.
Isaiah xliii. 25.

FRIENDS.

The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are
absent one from another. *Gen.* xxxi. 49.

Were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their
death they were not divided. *2 Sam.* i. 23.

GOOD WORKS.

When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and
when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me.

Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the
fatherless, and him that had none to help him.
Job xxix. 11, 12.

The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me : and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.
Job xxix. 13.

I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor.
Job xxix. 15, 16.

Not slothful in business ; fervent in spirit ; serving the Lord.
Romans xii. 11.

One that feared God and eschewed evil. *Job i. 1.*

The memory of the just is blessed. *Prov. x. 7.*

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.
Prov. iv. 18.

She stretcheth out her hand to the poor.
Prov. xxxi. 20.

Her children arise up, and call her blessed.
Prov. xxxi. 28.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom ; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. *Prov. xxxi. 26.*

This woman was full of good works. *Acts ix. 36.*

There was none that gave her an ill word ; for she feared God greatly.
Judith viii. 8.



HEAVEN.

Ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

1 Peter v. 4.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

1 Cor. ii. 9.

They shall receive a glorious kingdom and a beautiful crown from the Lord's hand; for with his right hand shall he cover them, and with his arm shall he protect them.

Wisdom v. 6.

Behold my witness is in heaven, and my record is on high.

Job xvi. 19.

Your joy no man taketh from you.

John xvi. 22.

And so shall we ever be with the Lord.

1 Thess. iv. 17.

They shall behold the land that is very far off.

Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

Psalms xvi. 11.

BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH AND
I WILL GIVE THEE A CROWN OF LIFE



Where I am, there shall also my servant be.

John xii. 26.

The sun shall be no more thy light by day ; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee : but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.

Isaiah lx. 19.

Thy sun shall no more go down ; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself : for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

Isaiah lx. 20.

My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.

Cant. ii. 10.

Come up hither.

Rev. xi. 12.

Come ; for all things are now ready.

Luke xiv. 17.

And yet there is room.

Luke xiv. 22.

He bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.

Psalms cvii. 30.

He turneth the shadow of death into the morning.

Amos v. 8.

Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.

Psalms lxxxvii. 3.

He looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. *Heb. xi. 10.*

They desire a better country, that is, an heavenly. *Heb. xi. 16.*

We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. *2 Cor. v. 1.*

He asked life of thee, and thou gavest him a long life, even for ever and ever. *Psalms xxi. 4.*

They are in peace. *Wisdom iii. 23.*

We shall see him as he is. *1 John iii. 2.*

There shall be no night there. *Rev. xxii. 5.*

The darkness is past. *1 John ii. 8.*





SHORTNESS AND UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever.

1 *Peter* i. 24, 25.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

Psalms xc. 6.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

Psalms ciii. 15, 16.

Our days upon earth are a shadow.

Job viii. 9.

The flower fadeth.

Isaiah xl. 7.

We all do fade as a leaf *Isaiah lxiv. 6.*

My days are like a shadow that declineth ; and I am
withered like grass. *Psalms cii. 11.*

Our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there
is none abiding. *1 Chron. xxix. 15.*

Boast not thyself of to-morrow ; for thou knowest not
what a day may bring forth. *Prov. xxvii. 1.*

Ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what
is your life ? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a
little time, and then vanisheth away. *James iv. 14.*

Watch and pray ; for ye know not when the time is.
Mark xiii. 33.

The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night.
2 Peter iii. 10.

As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but
a step between me and death. *1 Sam. xx. 3.*

In the midst of life we are in death.
Burial Service.

The time is short. *1 Cor. vii. 29.*

He brought down my strength in my journey, and
shortened my days. *Psalms cii. 23.*

Her sun has gone down while it was yet day.

Jer. xv. 9.

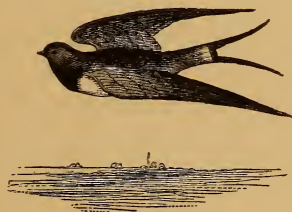
We spend our years as a tale that is told.

Psalms xc. 9.

Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.

Heb. xiii. 14.

Strangers and pilgrims on the earth. *Heb.* xi. 13.



LOVE.

I have loved thee with an everlasting love ; therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee. *Jer.* xxxi. 3.

Rooted and grounded in love. *Ephes.* iii. 17.

God is love. *1 John* iv. 8.

We love him, because he first loved us.
1 John iv. 19.

Thy lovingkindness is better than life.
Psalms lxxiii. 3.

If a man love me, he will keep my words : and my Father will love him.

John xiv. 23.

Lord, thou knowest all things ; thou knowest that I love thee.

John xxi. 17.

His banner over me was love.

Cant. ii. 4.

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.

Acts xx. 27.

I laboured more abundantly than they all ; yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me. 1 *Cor.* xv. 10.

All ye that know his name, say, How is the strong staff broken.

Jer. xlviii. 17.

How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things.

Rom. x. 15.

He being dead yet speaketh.

Heb. xi. 4.





OLD AGE.

Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season. *Job v. 26.*

Even to your old age I am he ; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you. *Isaiah xlv. 4.*

The hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness. *Prov. xvi. 31.*

PROMISES.

I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not ; I will help thee. Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel ; I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy redeemer, the Holy One of Israel. *Isaiah xli. 13, 14.*

Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace :
thereby good shall come unto thee. *Job xxii. 21.*

Be not slothful, but followers of them who through
faith and patience inherit the promises.

Heb. vi. 12.

To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me
in my throne. *Rev. iii. 21.*

Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness ; and all these things shall be added unto you.

Matt. vi. 33.

In due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

Gal. vi. 9.

I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

Heb. xiii. 5.

Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of
righteousness arise with healing in his wings.

Malachi iv. 2.

Thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee.

Psalms ix. 10.





REDEMPTION.

The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads : they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

Isaiah xxxv. 10.

I will ransom them from the power of the grave ; I will redeem them from death. O death ! I will be thy plagues ; O grave ! I will be thy destruction.

Hosea xiii. 14.

O Lord, thou hast pleaded the causes of my soul ; thou hast redeemed my life.

Lam. iii. 58.

Fear not ; for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name ; thou art mine.

Isaiah xliii. 1.

Into thy hands I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord thou God of truth.

Psaln xxxi. 6.

REST.

There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest. *Job* iii. 17.

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. *Matt.* xi. 28.

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God. *Heb.* iv. 9.

This is not your rest. *Micah* ii. 10.

In returning and rest shall ye be saved ; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength. *Isaiah* xxx. 15.

My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest. *Exod.* xxxiii. 14.

Thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days. *Dan.* xii. 13.

He shall give you everlasting rest. 2 *Esdras* ii. 34.



RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT DAY.

Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. *Titus* ii. 13.

RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT-DAY. 145

Sealed unto the day of redemption. *Ephes.* iv. 30.

We, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

2 Peter iii. 13.

When I wake up, I am present with thee.

Psalm cxxxix. 18.

Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Titus ii. 13.

Like unto His glorious body.

Phil. iii. 21.

Who shall be able to stand ?

Rev. vi. 17.

Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

Rev. xxii. 20.

This mortal must put on immortality.

1 Cor. xv. 53.

Arise, shine ; for thy light is come.

Isaiah lx. i.

In the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, good Lord deliver us.

Litany.

I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come.

Apostles' Creed.

In sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Burial Service.

It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.

I *Cor.* xv. 44.

I am the resurrection, and the life : he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

John xi. 25.

If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

I *Thess.* iv. 14.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth : and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.

Job xix. 25, 26.



SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord.

Gen. xlix. 18.

Christ is all, and in all.

Col. iii. 11.

Strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.

Ephes. vi. 10.

Ready both in body and soul to follow Thee, the only
God, and Jesus Christ our Lord. *Collect.*

If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be
free indeed. *John viii. 36.*

We would see Jesus. *John xii. 21.*

We have found the Messias. *John i. 41.*

Looking unto Jesus. *Heb. xii. 2.*

For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.
Phil. i. 21.

In hope of eternal life. *Titus i. 2.*

Joined unto the Lord. *I Cor. vi. 17.*

Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for
ever. *Heb. xiii. 8.*

Preserved in Jesus Christ. *Jude 1.*

That rock was Christ. *I Cor. x. 4.*

And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall
receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.
I Peter v. 4.

Asleep in Christ. *I Cor. xv. 18.*

As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

1 Cor. xv. 22.

Look unto me, and be ye saved.

Isaiah xlv. 22.

Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

1 Cor. xv. 57.

Looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.

Jude 21.

Abide in me.

John xv. 4.

God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

John iii. 16.

Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us.

Titus iii. 5.

What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.

Phil. iii. 7.

Your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake.

1 John ii. 12.

The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.

1 John i. 7.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?

Romans viii. 35.

Christ in you, the hope of glory.

Col. i. 27.

Made nigh by the blood of Christ.

Ephes. ii. 13.

My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

Luke i. 47.

Mighty to save.

Isaiah lxiii. 1.

Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.

Psalms lxiii. 25.

By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God.

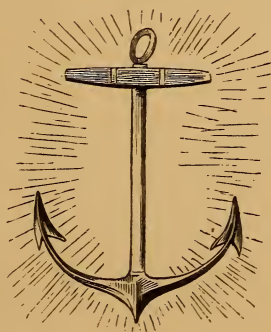
Ephes. ii. 8.

Lord, remember me.

Luke xxiii. 42.

Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast.

Heb. vi. 19.





SUBMISSION.

The Lord do that which seemeth him good.

2 Sam. x. 12.

It is the Lord ; let him do what seemeth him good.

1 Sam. iii. 18.

Even so, Father : for so it seemed good in thy sight.

Matt. xi. 26, and Luke x. 21.

Not as I will, but as thou wilt.

Matt. xxvi. 39.

Thy will be done.

Luke xi. 2.

Behold, he taketh away, who can hinder him? who will say unto him, What doest thou?

Job ix. 12.

Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

Gen. xviii. 25.

Thou art just, in all that is brought upon us.

Neh. ix. 33.

He doeth according to his will in the army of heaven,
and among the inhabitants of the earth.

Dan. iv. 35.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ;
blessed be the name of the Lord.

Job i. 21.

Thou, O Lord, hast done as it pleased thee.

Jonah i. 14.

If need be.

1 Peter i. 6.

I was dumb, I opened not my mouth ; because thou
didst it.

Psalms xxxix. 9.

Be still, and know that I am God.

Psalms xli. 10.

Of thine own, have we given thee.

1 Chron. xxix. 14.

Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it.

Micah vi. 9.

Himself hath done it.

Isaiah xxxviii. 15.





WATCHFULNESS.

And what I say unto you I say unto all, watch.
Mark xiii. 37.

Watch ye therefore, and pray always. *Luke xxi. 36.*

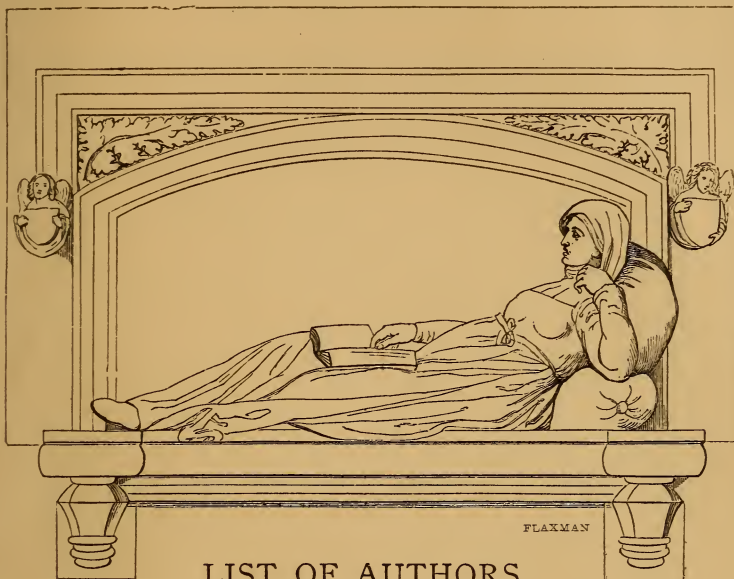
Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord
doth come. *Matt. xxiv. 42.*

Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not
the Son of man cometh. *Matt. xxiv. 44.*

Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when
the time is. *Mark xiii. 33.*

The Lord is at hand. *Phil. iv. 5.*





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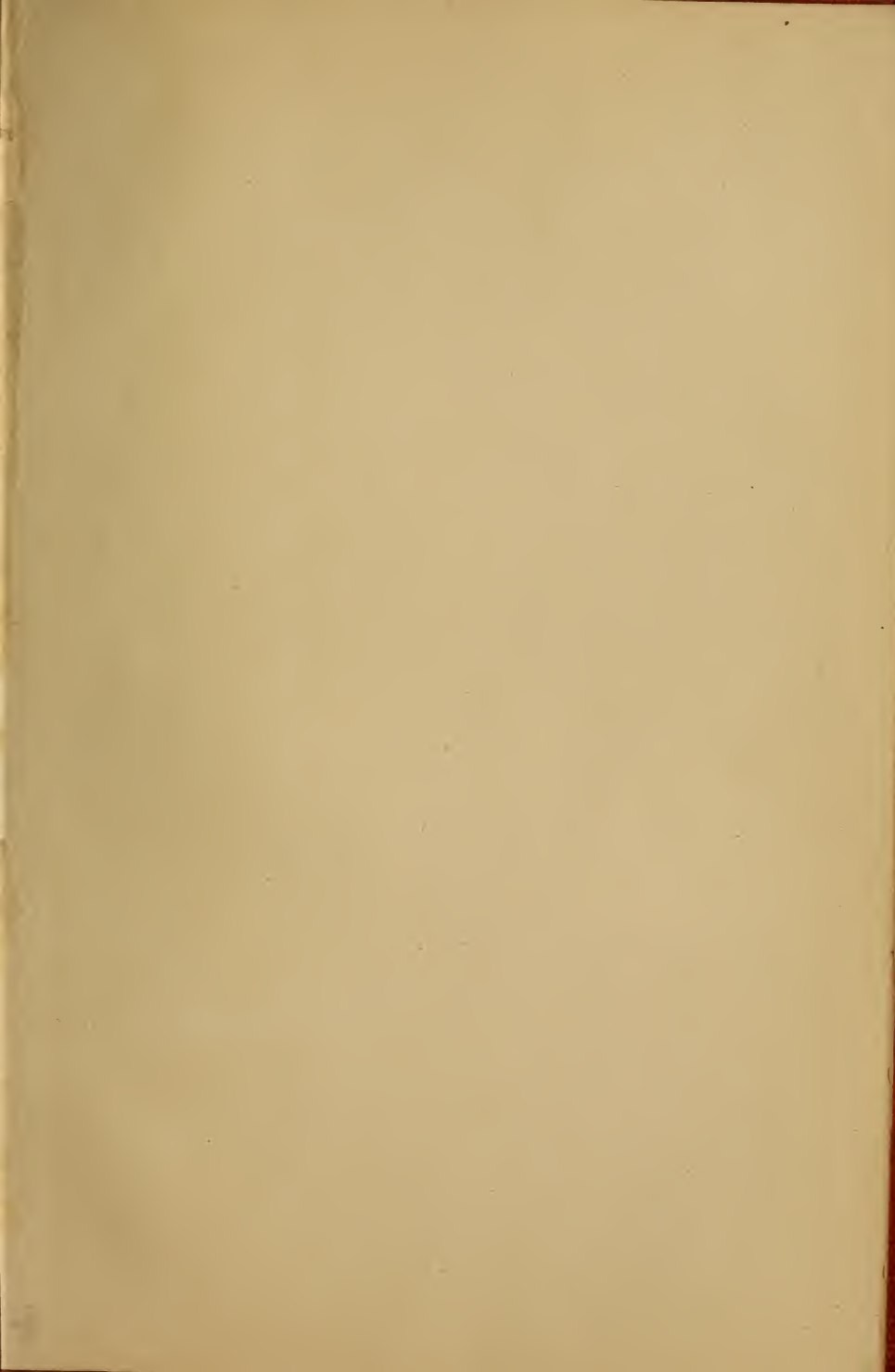
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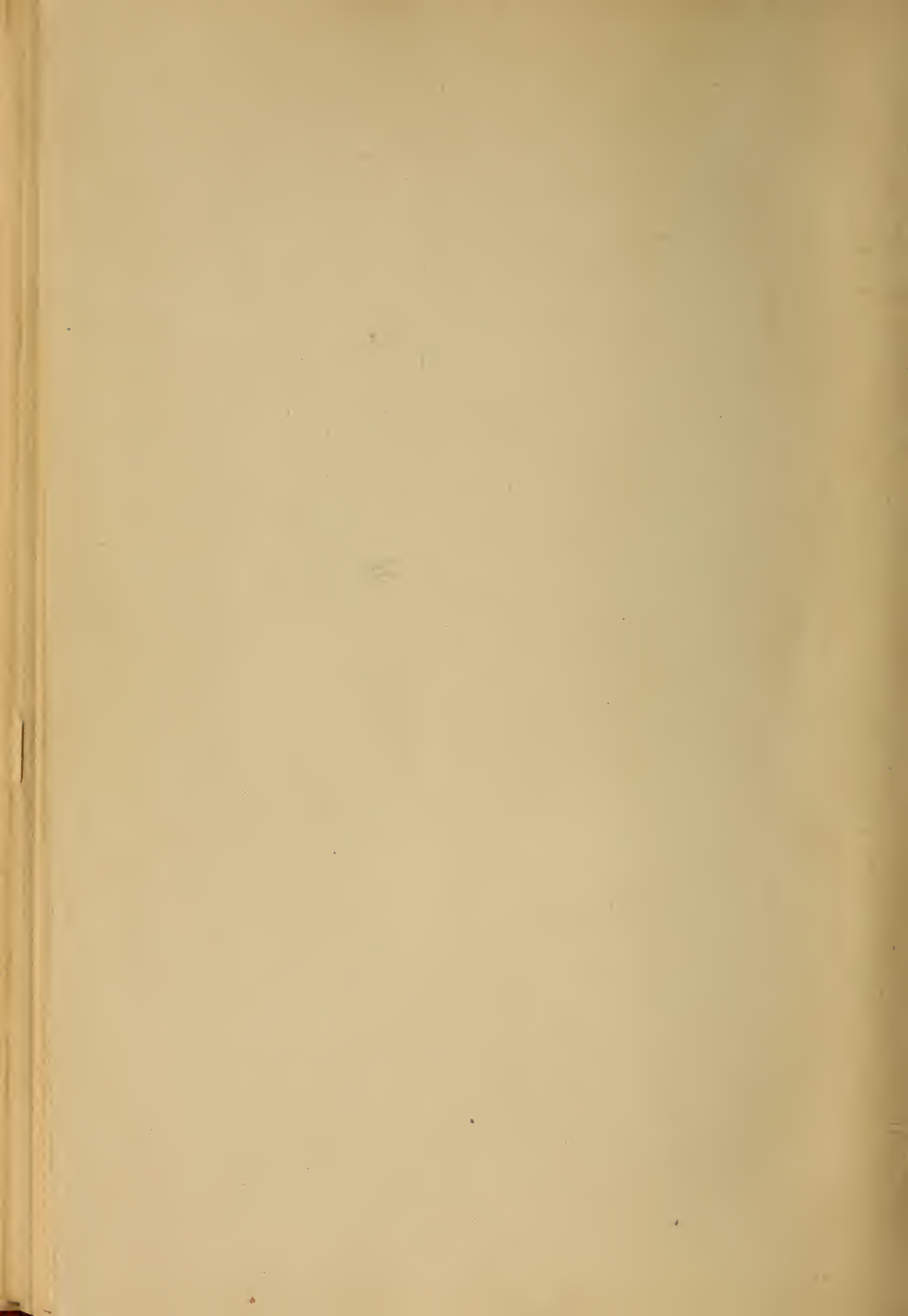


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